

SPACE ADVENTURES

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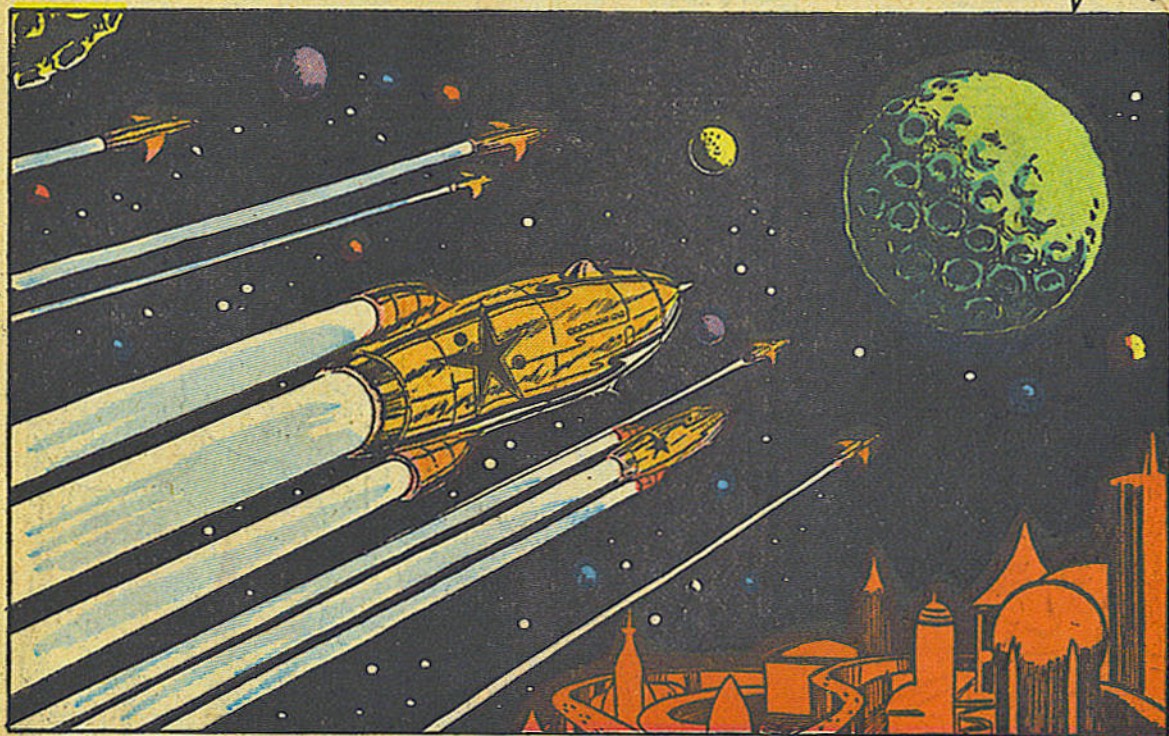
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SPACE ADVENTURES
THE SPACE RANGERS

BATTLE "THE MAD-MAN OF MARS"



REX CLIVE



THE SPACE RANGERS! THEIR MISSION, THE PROTECTION OF THE SPACEWAYS IN THE YEAR 2552! JUPITER, SATURN, VENUS, MARS, MERCURY... AND COUNTLESS OTHER STOPPING POINTS IN THE SOLAR SYSTEM... RECOGNIZE THE SPACE RANGERS AND THEIR UNIFORMS OF STRATOSPHERE BLUE AS CHAMPIONS OF INTERPLANETARY LAW AND ORDER... JETS AWAY... AND FROM THEIR SPACE-QUARTERS IN NEW MINERVA, CAPITAL OF THE PLANET MINERVA, ONCE CALLED EARTH... THE RANGERS ARE OFF IN THE CAUSE OF JUSTICE!!!



SPEED LANSING



JIM JONES



BOB BARRY



STELLA DAWN



SPACE ADVENTURES

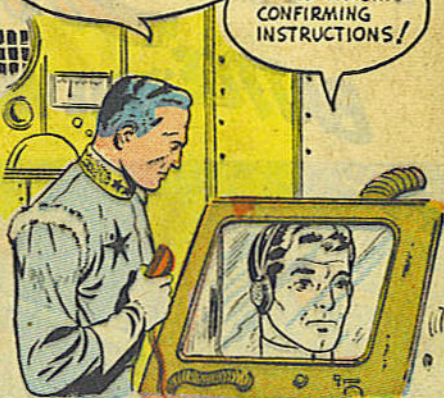
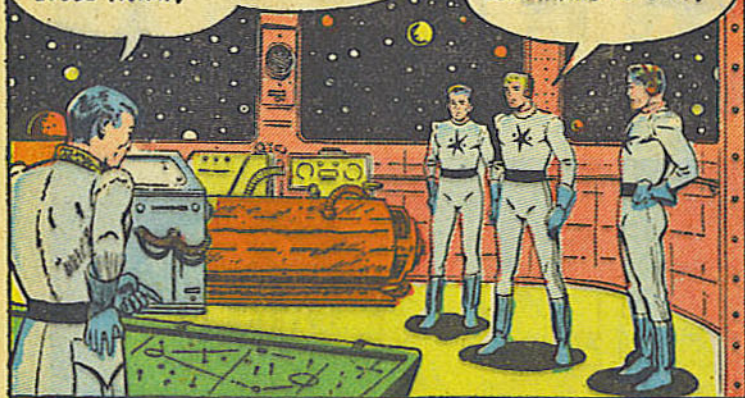
ON BOARD THE FLAGSHIP OF THE RANGER FLEET...

NOW THAT WE'RE CLEAR OF THE GRAVITY OF OUR EARTH, MINERVA, I CAN TELL YOU THE PURPOSE OF OUR MISSION. GENTLEMEN, NUCLEO IS ON THE LOOSE AGAIN!

THE MAD MARTIAN WITH A THOUSAND FACES! I THOUGHT HE'D BEEN SPACED SOMEWHERE TO STAY!

COMMODORE REX CLIVE SPEAKING. ALL MEMBERS OF YOUR SQUADRON HAVE BEEN CATCH-QUIZZED TO MAKE SURE NONE IS NUCLEO IN DISGUISE. YOU MAY ASSIGN THEM!

ADJUTANT SPEED LANSING CONFIRMING INSTRUCTIONS!



SCOUTCRAFT JB, RANGERS JONES AND BARRY, PROCEED TO SPACE-STATION GAMMA-3...

JUST OUR LUCK TO GET SHIPPED TO SOMEWHERE OFF THE BEATEN SPACE-TRACK!

YOU MEAN OFF ANY TRACK. IF WE'D ONLY BEEN SENT TO TITAN-CITY, OR VENUSIA! OH WELL...

WE'D BETTER SPACE-QUIZ OURSELVES TO MAKE SURE WHO WE ARE. RANGER JONES, WHERE WERE YOU ON FEBRUARY 30TH 2551?

IF I COULD ANSWER THAT, RANGER BARRY, I WOULD BE NUCLEO DISGUISED AS ME!



HERE WE ARE! I'LL BET THOSE BOYS WILL BE GLAD TO SEE US.

I'LL SAY! THEY'VE PROBABLY BEEN HOLED UP SINCE THE TURN OF THE CENTURY!

RANGERS BARRY AND JONES, PAYING A SOCIAL CALL...

I'M SPACEMAN YELMAH... AND AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU!



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INSIDE THE SPACE-STATION...

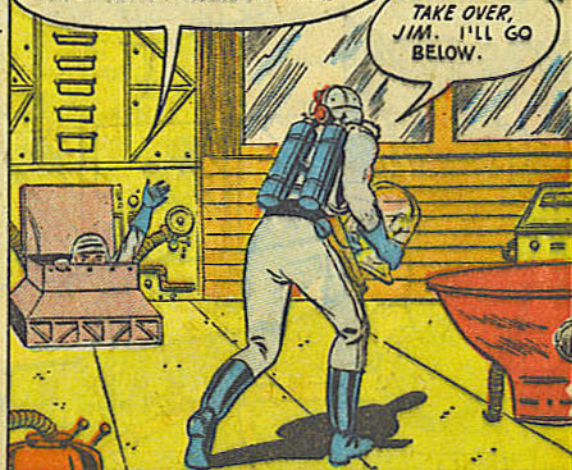
MY ASSISTANT WENT AWAY ON SICK LEAVE LAST WEEK. NOW WE'VE SPRUNG A SPACE-LEAK IN THE HOLD AND I NEED SOMEONE TO HELP ME FIX IT.

COME ON, YELMAH. RANGER BARRY WILL STAY ON DUTY WHILE WE'RE BELOW.



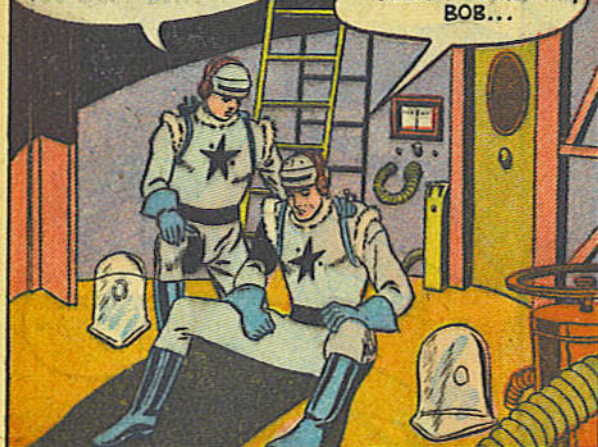
BOB! YELMAH JUST COLLAPSED! YOU'RE MORE OF A MEDICO THAN I AM... YOU'D BETTER LOOK AT HIM!

TAKE OVER, JIM. I'LL GO BELOW.



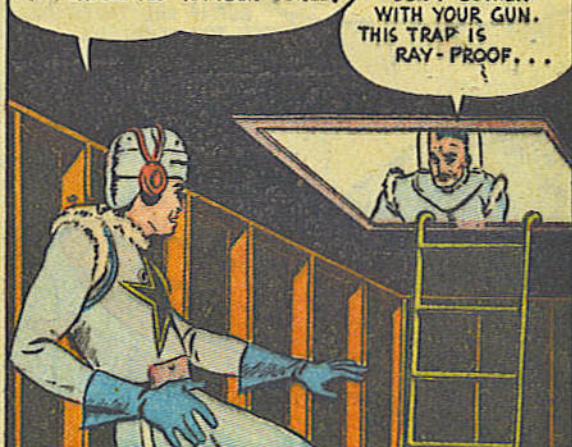
YELMAH! WHY, YOU AREN'T YELMAH... YOU'RE JIM JONES... ONLY YOU CAN'T BE...

YELMAH SOCKED ME, BOB...



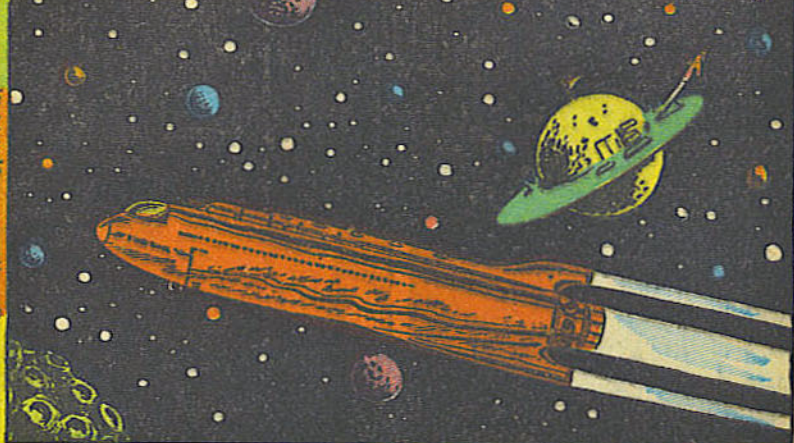
YOU AREN'T SPACEMAN YELMAH! YOU'RE NUCLEO AND YOU JUST IMPERSONATED RANGER JONES!

HOW DID YOU GUESS IT? DON'T BOTHER WITH YOUR GUN. THIS TRAP IS RAY-PROOF...

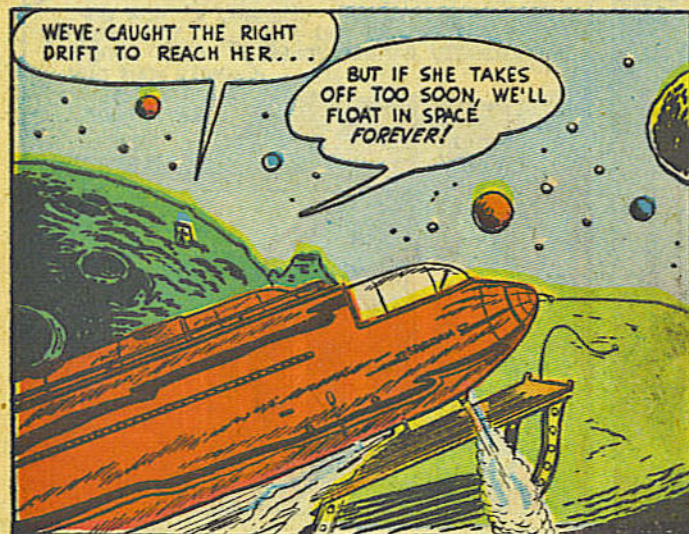
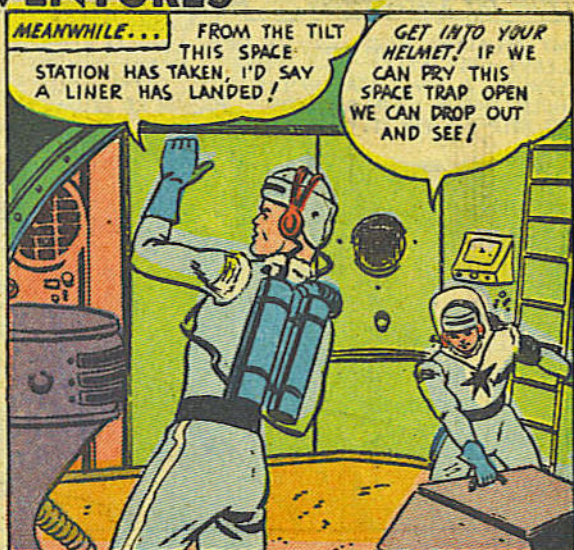
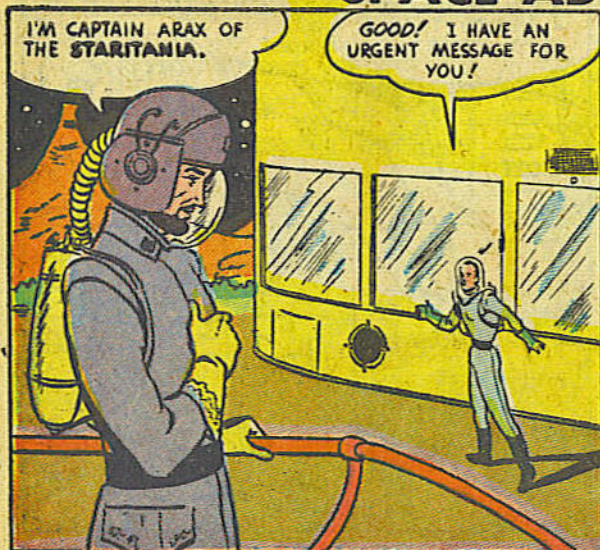


AND FOOL-PROOF! NOW I'LL KITE THEIR SCOUTCRAFT OFF INTO SPACE AND FLAG DOWN THE SPACELINER STARITANIA!

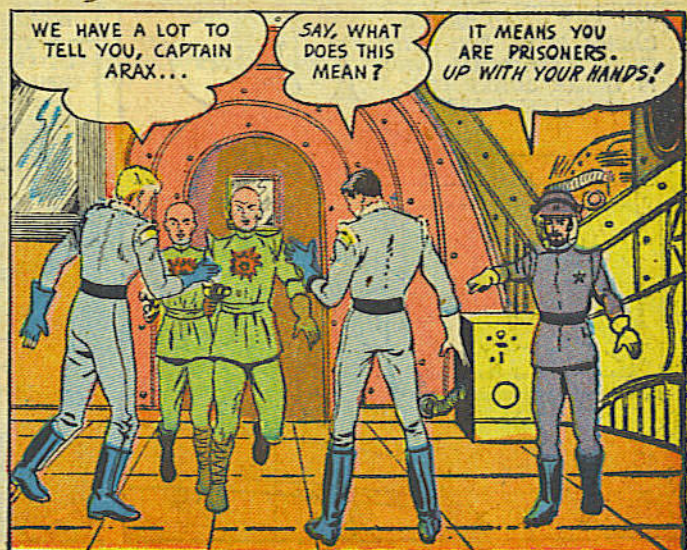
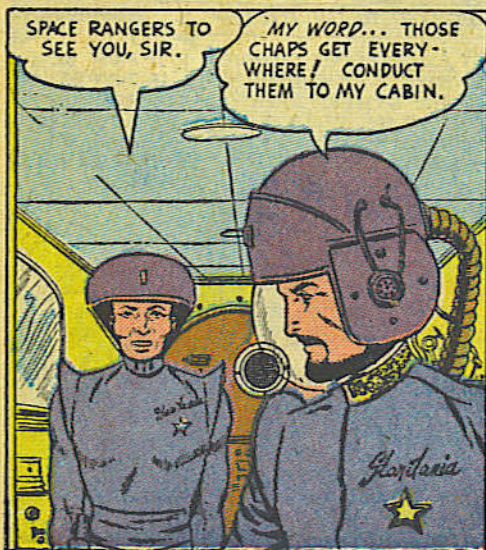
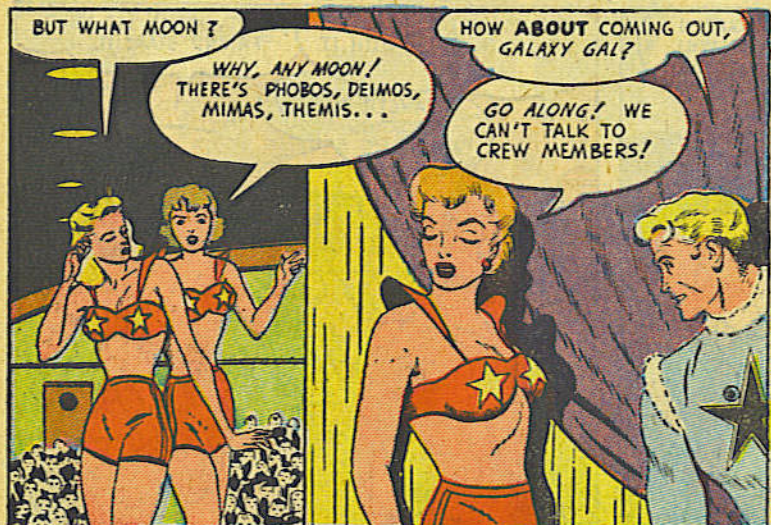
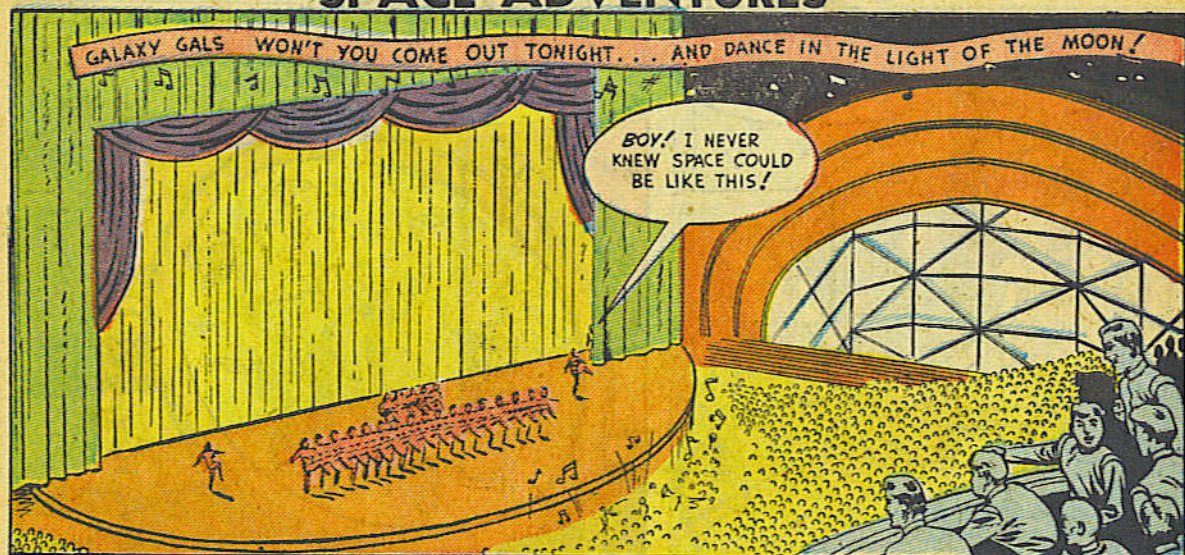
WITH THE RANGERS HELPLESS IN THE SPACEHOLD OF GAMMA-3, THE STARITANIA, MIGHTY MONARCH OF THE SPACEWAYS, APPROACHES UNAWARE OF NUCLEO'S ONE-MAN TRAP!!!



SPACE ADVENTURES



SPACE ADVENTURES

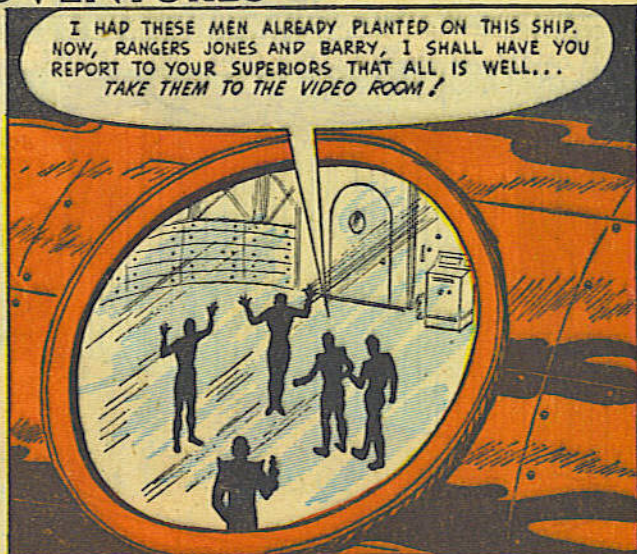


SPACE ADVENTURES

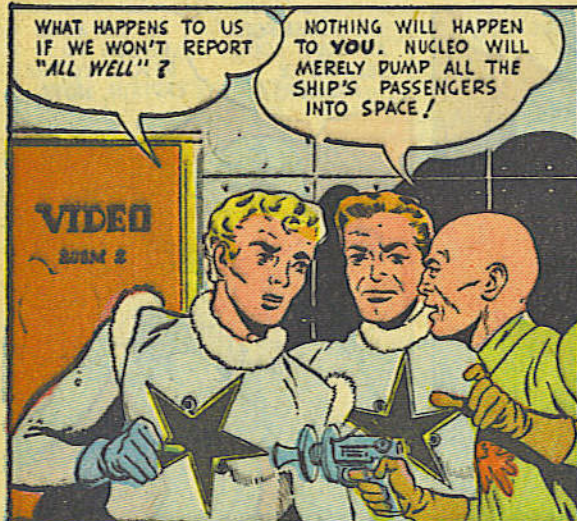


YOU AREN'T CAPTAIN ARAX... YOU'RE NU'CLEO!

RIGHT. AS YELMAH, I OVERPOWERED THE REAL ARAX AND TOOK HIS PLACE.

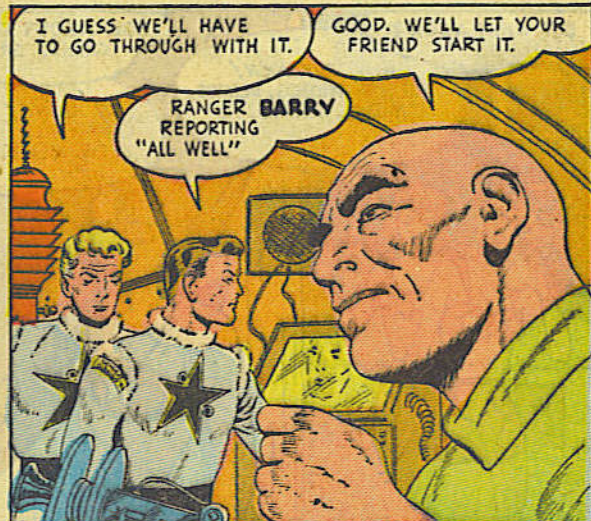


I HAD THESE MEN ALREADY PLANTED ON THIS SHIP. NOW, RANGERS JONES AND BARRY, I SHALL HAVE YOU REPORT TO YOUR SUPERIORS THAT ALL IS WELL... TAKE THEM TO THE VIDEO ROOM!



WHAT HAPPENS TO US IF WE WON'T REPORT "ALL WELL"?

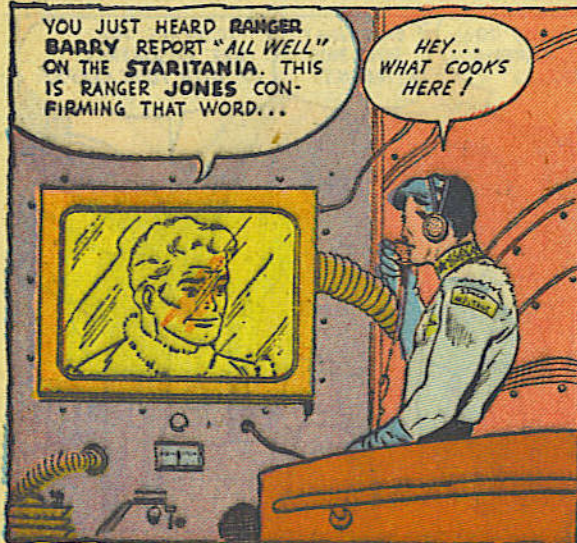
NOTHING WILL HAPPEN TO YOU. NU'CLEO WILL MERELY PUMP ALL THE SHIP'S PASSENGERS INTO SPACE!



I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO GO THROUGH WITH IT.

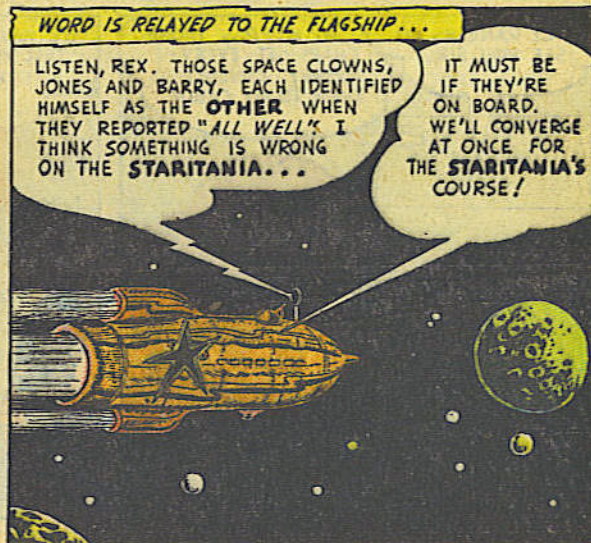
GOOD. WE'LL LET YOUR FRIEND START IT.

RANGER BARRY REPORTING "ALL WELL"



YOU JUST HEARD RANGER BARRY REPORT "ALL WELL" ON THE STARITANIA. THIS IS RANGER JONES CONFIRMING THAT WORD...

HEY... WHAT COOKS HERE!



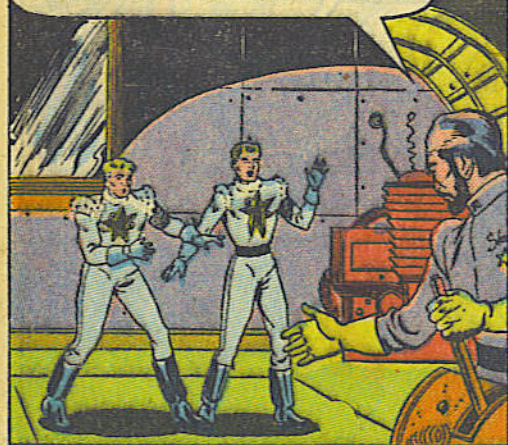
WORD IS RELAYED TO THE FLAGSHIP...

LISTEN, REX. THOSE SPACE CLOWNS, JONES AND BARRY, EACH IDENTIFIED HIMSELF AS THE OTHER WHEN THEY REPORTED "ALL WELL." I THINK SOMETHING IS WRONG ON THE STARITANIA...

IT MUST BE IF THEY'RE ON BOARD. WE'LL CONVERGE AT ONCE FOR THE STARITANIA'S COURSE!

SPACE ADVENTURES

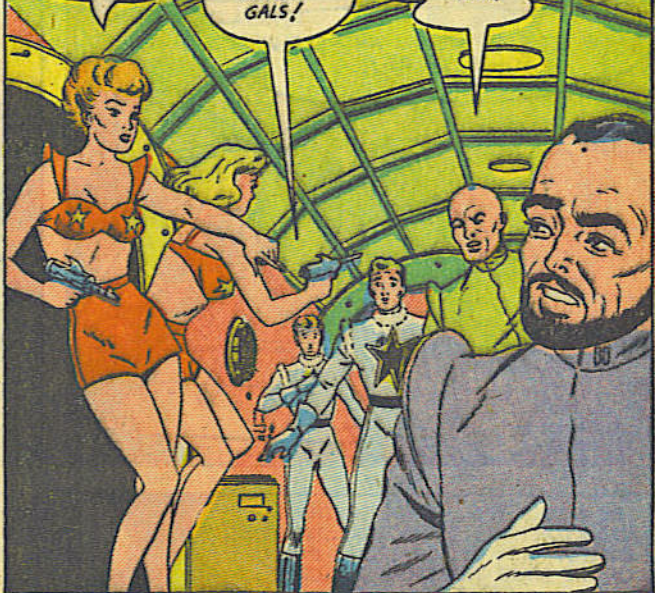
VERY OBLIGING, RANGERS, THE WAY YOU CARRIED OUT MY ORDER. AS A REWARD, I'M GOING TO DROP YOU INTO SPACE AS I SHOULD HAVE DONE ON GAMMA-3...



JUST HOLD YOUR SPACES THERE, NUCLEO!

THE GALAXY GALS!

WE'LL SETTLE THEM!



YOU ONLY THINK YOU'LL SETTLE US!

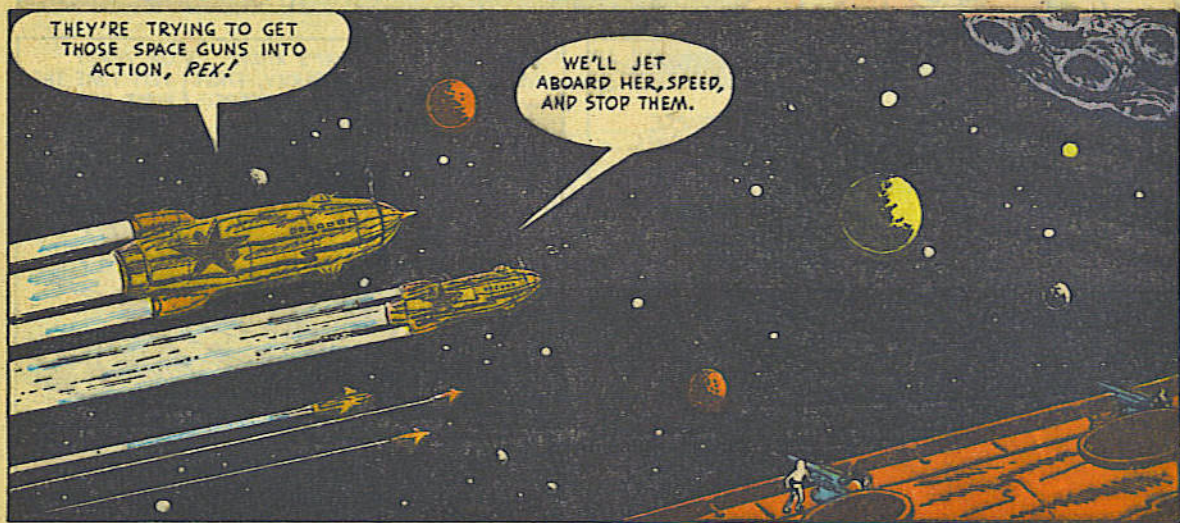


THAT WILL FIX YOUR FACE SO YOU CAN'T CHANGE IT, NUCLEO.



THEY'RE TRYING TO GET THOSE SPACE GUNS INTO ACTION, REX!

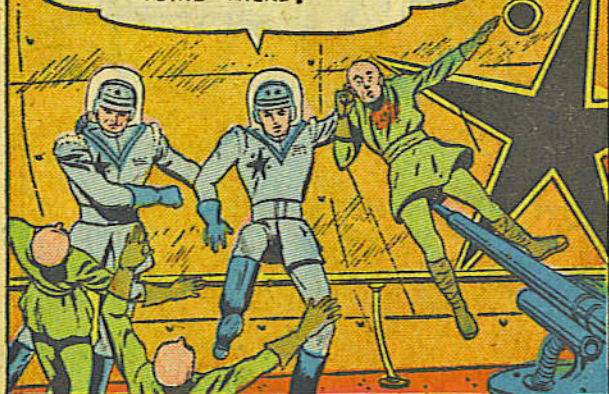
WE'LL JET ABOARD HER, SPEED, AND STOP THEM.



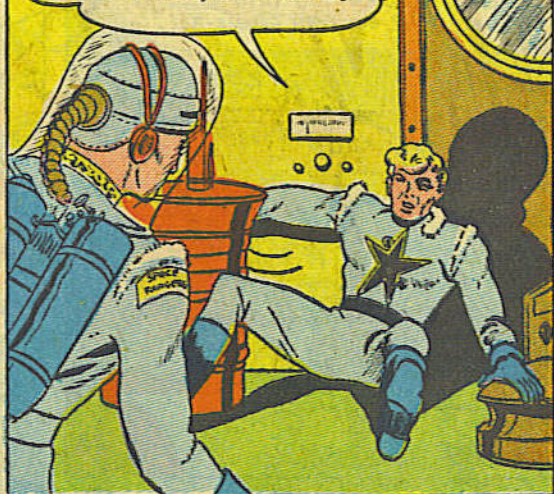
SPACE ADVENTURES

REX CLIVE AND SPEED LANSING ARE THE FIRST TO BOARD THE STARITANIA AND SLASH DOWN THE LAST OF NUCLEO'S DIE-HARDS...

NOW LET'S GET BELOW AND SEE WHAT'S DOING THERE!

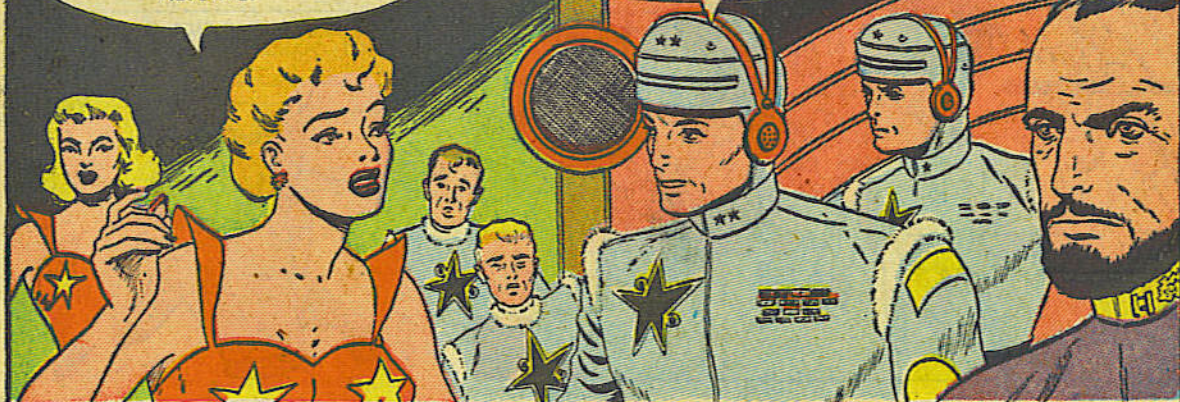


WE'VE GOT EVERYTHING UNDER CONTROL, COMMODORE!



HE MEANS WE HAVE EVERYTHING UNDER CONTROL, COMMODORE...INCLUDING NUCLEO. I'M ENSIGN STELLA DAWN, OF THE SPACE TRANSPORT AUXILIARY RESERVE.

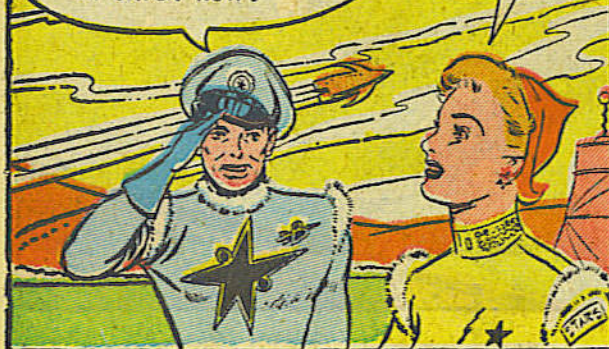
RIGHT! I KNEW YOU STARS WERE ON BOARD. I'D BEEN DEPENDING ON YOU!



LATER AT SPACE-QUARTERS ON MINERVA (EARTH)...

WHY, IF IT ISN'T STELLA DAWN OF THE STARS. YOU KNOW, I HARDLY RECOGNIZED YOU IN THAT UNIFORM. IS A DATE IN ORDER NOW?

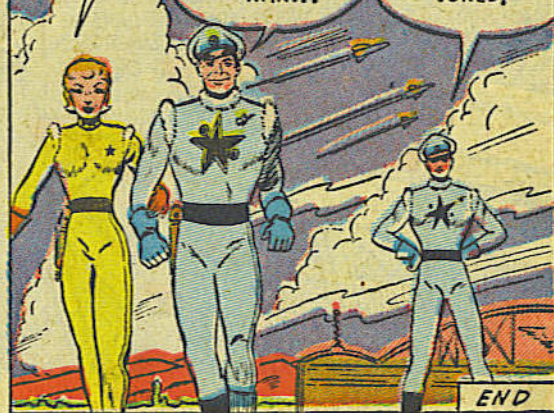
OF COURSE, RANGER JONES... OH, EXCUSE ME...



I SHOULD HAVE SAID RANGER BARRY!

THAT'S RIGHT. BOB BARRY, FIRST OF THE RANGERS IN LOVE OR WAR...

OH, YEAH? NEXT TIME THE FIRST WILL BE RANGER JIM JONES!



END

SPACE ADVENTURES

INVASION from the MOON

I AM HALGO, THE OUTERPLANETARY LEADER WHO REVIVED A SUPER-SCHEME FOR THE DESTRUCTION OF THE PROUD PLANET MINERVA, WHICH CALLS ITSELF **THE EARTH**



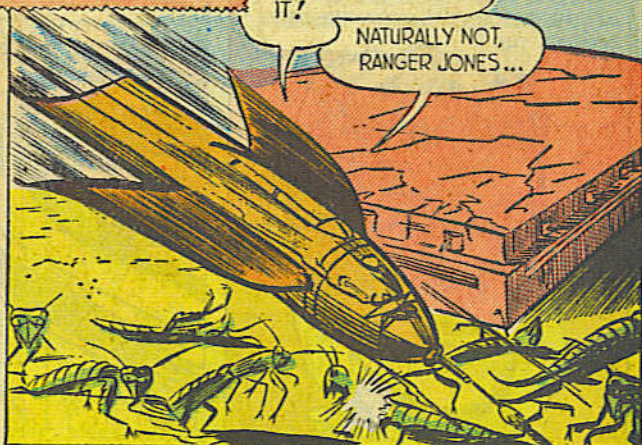
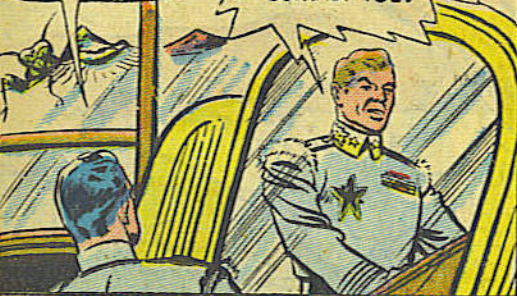
COMMODORE REX CLIVE OF THE SPACE RANGERS SPEAKING! THIS IS THE YEAR 2552, AND FOR CENTURIES EARTH'S MOON HAS BEEN PATROLLED BY THE LUNAR SQUAD, INTERNATIONAL POLICE WHO PREVENT EARTH NATIONS FROM SEIZING THE MOON AS A BASE TO ATTACK ONE ANOTHER... DEEP IN THE "DEAD WORLD" OF THE MOON ARE BURIED THE ATOMIC STOCKPILES OF NATIONS NOW AT PEACE... THE "LOONIES" OF THE LUNAR SQUAD GUARD THAT TOO, AND THEIR WORK WAS AS MONOTONOUS AS THEIR SURROUNDINGS UNTIL THE DAY WHEN GIANT INSECTS ISSUED FROM THE MOON'S FISSURES...

THEY **ARE** INSECTS, RANGER BARRY... BUT NOBODY WOULD HAVE BELIEVED **US** IF **WE'D** REPORTED IT!

NATURALLY NOT, RANGER JONES...

LUNAR STATION X-32 REPORTING! HORDES OF GIANT INSECTS ON THE INCREASE!

THIS IS ADJUTANT LANSING OF THE SPACE RANGERS. SCOUTCRAFT JB OF OUR VENUS PATROL WILL CONTACT YOU.

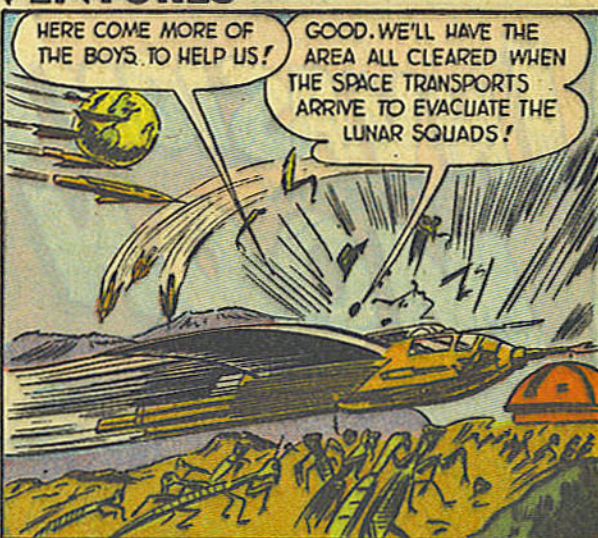


SPACE ADVENTURES



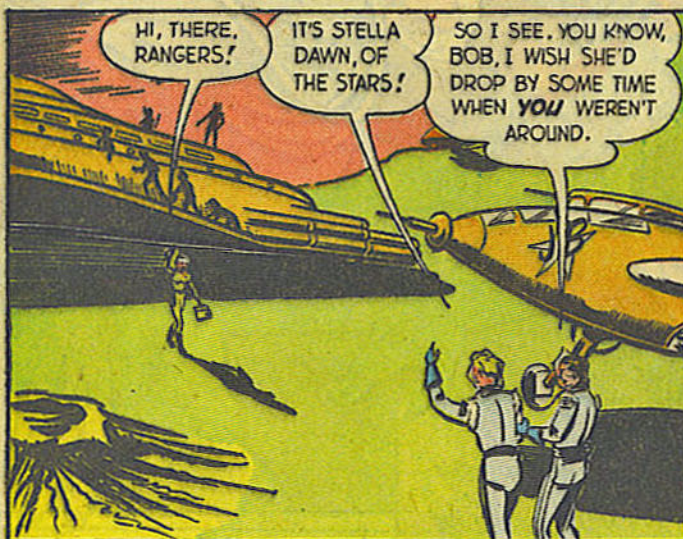
BUT NOW THAT WE'VE CONFIRMED THE SITUATION, LET'S MOP IT UP!

OKAY! HERE'S WHERE WE SOCK 'EM IN THE MANDIBLES!



HERE COME MORE OF THE BOYS TO HELP US!

GOOD. WE'LL HAVE THE AREA ALL CLEARED WHEN THE SPACE TRANSPORTS ARRIVE TO EVACUATE THE LUNAR SQUADS!



HI, THERE, RANGERS!

IT'S STELLA DAWN, OF THE STARS!

SO I SEE. YOU KNOW, BOB, I WISH SHE'D DROP BY SOME TIME WHEN *YOU* WEREN'T AROUND.

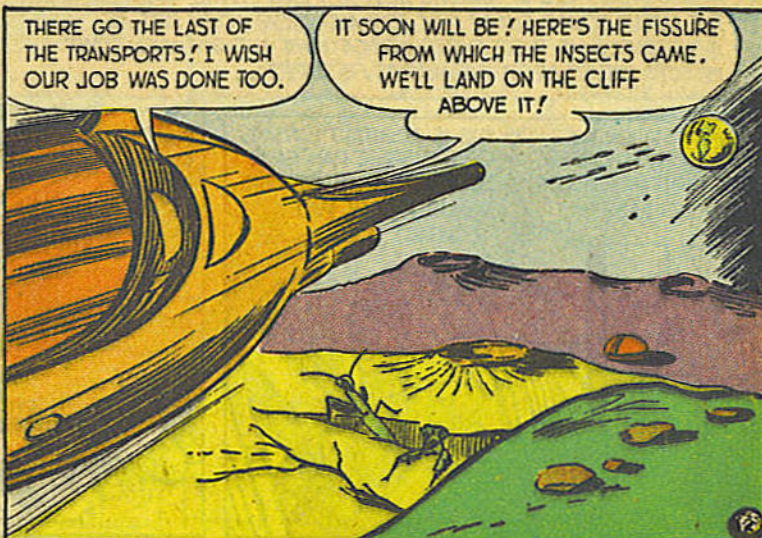


FUNNY. I WAS THINKING THE *SAME* IN TERMS OF *YOU*, JIM!

SORRY, BOYS. YOU'LL *BOTH* HAVE TO PUT UP WITH ME. I'VE BROUGHT SPECIAL ORDERS.



GENERAL SPACEQUARTERS WANTS US TO CHECK ON THE SOURCE, CAUSE AND POSSIBLE ORIGIN OF THESE GIANT AERIFEROUS INSECTS NOW TREKKING ACROSS THE LUNAR PLAINS!



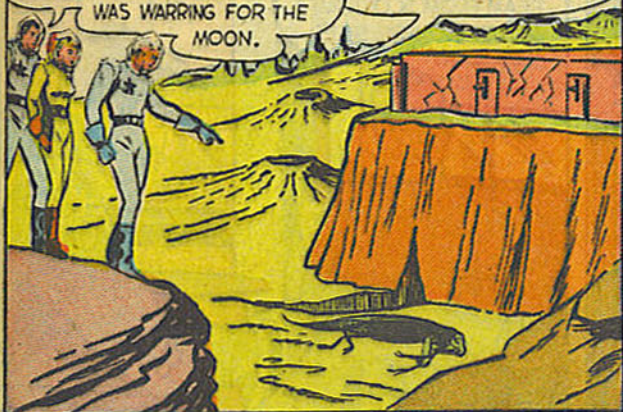
THERE GO THE LAST OF THE TRANSPORTS! I WISH OUR JOB WAS DONE TOO.

IT SOON WILL BE! HERE'S THE FISSURE FROM WHICH THE INSECTS CAME. WE'LL LAND ON THE CLIFF ABOVE IT!

SPACE ADVENTURES

ODD THAT THE INSECTS EMERGED SO NEAR THIS OLD 20TH CENTURY MOONFORT BUILT BY SOME EARTH NATION WHEN IT WAS WARRING FOR THE MOON.

SOMEBODY COULD HAVE STORED FOOD THERE AND USED IT TO COAX THE INSECTS OUT! LET'S LOOK INSIDE!



SOLAR MIRRORS, DESIGNED FOR ANCIENT 20TH CENTURY WARFARE. THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO ORBIT AROUND THE EARTH AND BURN IT!

BUT THEY WON'T WORK. WE LEARNED THAT IN SPACE-PRAP.

LOOK OUT... WE'RE TRAPPED!



I AM HALGO, LEADER OF THE OUTERPLANETARY CIRCLE. I HAVE CAPTURED YOUR MOON AND EVERYTHING THAT GOES WITH IT.

IF YOU MEAN THE ATOMIC STOCK-PILE THAT'S BURIED HERE, FORT KNOX WAS AN OPEN-AIR BANDSTAND COMPARED TO OUR SECRET MOON VAULTS!



FOOLS, I HAVE FOUND A MUCH **MORE POTENT** WEAPON, YOUR NEGLECTED SOLAR MIRRORS! WITH THEM I SHALL CONQUER THE EARTH! TAKE AWAY THESE PRISONERS!



IF THE MOON REALLY WAS GREEN CHEESE, WE COULD DIG OUR WAY OUT OF THIS CELL!

YOU MEAN **EAT** OUR WAY OUT. I'M HUNGRY!

UNLESS WE **DO** GET OUT, HALGO MAY DESTROY THE WORLD!



LET'S PRY THIS STONE LOOSE AND USE IT TO BATTER OUR WAY OUT... MEANWHILE SPACEQUARTERS MAY BE TRACING US FROM OUR SCOUTCRAFT BEAM...



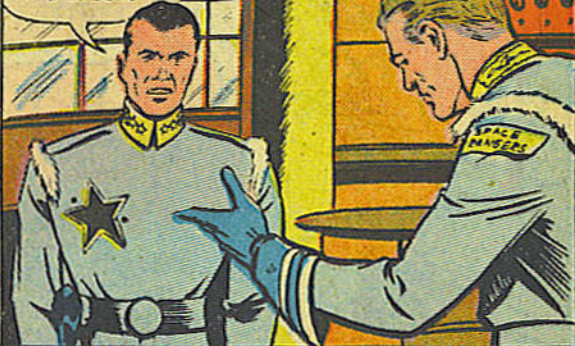
SPACE ADVENTURES

MEANWHILE, IN SPACEQUARTERS ON OUR PLANET, MINERVA.

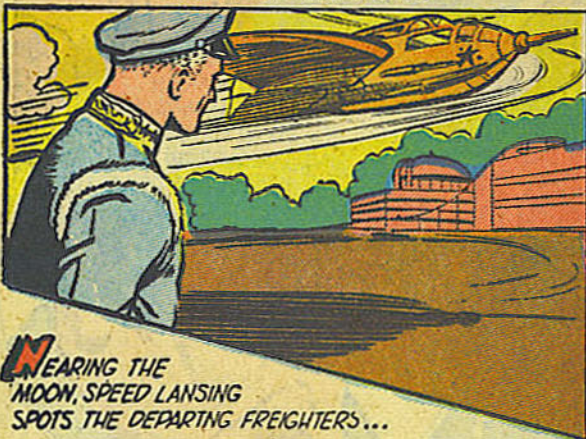


I STILL THINK THEY WERE COAXED TO THE SURFACE RIGHT HERE, WHERE WE'RE GETTING THE CONSTANT BEAM FROM SCOUTCRAFT JB. JET UP THERE, SPEED AND CHECK!

RIGHT AWAY, REX!

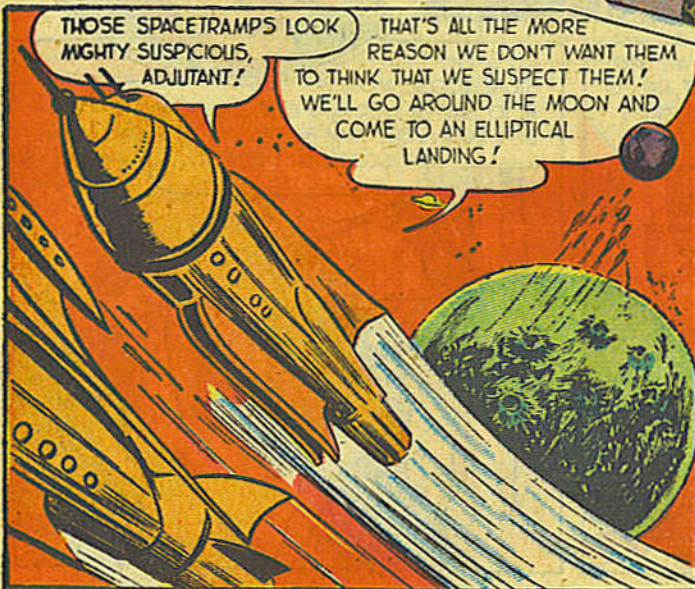


ADJUTANT SPEED LANSING JETS MOONWARD WITH A SMALL PICKED SQUADRON...

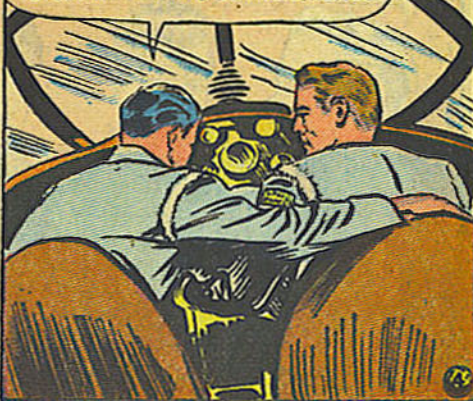


WEARING THE MOON, SPEED LANSING SPOTS THE DEPARTING FREIGHTERS...

BUT MEANWHILE.....



MEANWHILE I'LL FLASH A CODE TO COMMODORE CLIVE TELLING HIM TO WATCH FOR THOSE FREIGHTERS.



SPACE ADVENTURES



THE GEGER GETS THE BEAM FROM HERE, ADJUTANT! SOMEBODY'S COVERED THE JB WITH THOSE SLABS AND SPRINKLED THEM WITH MOONDUST!

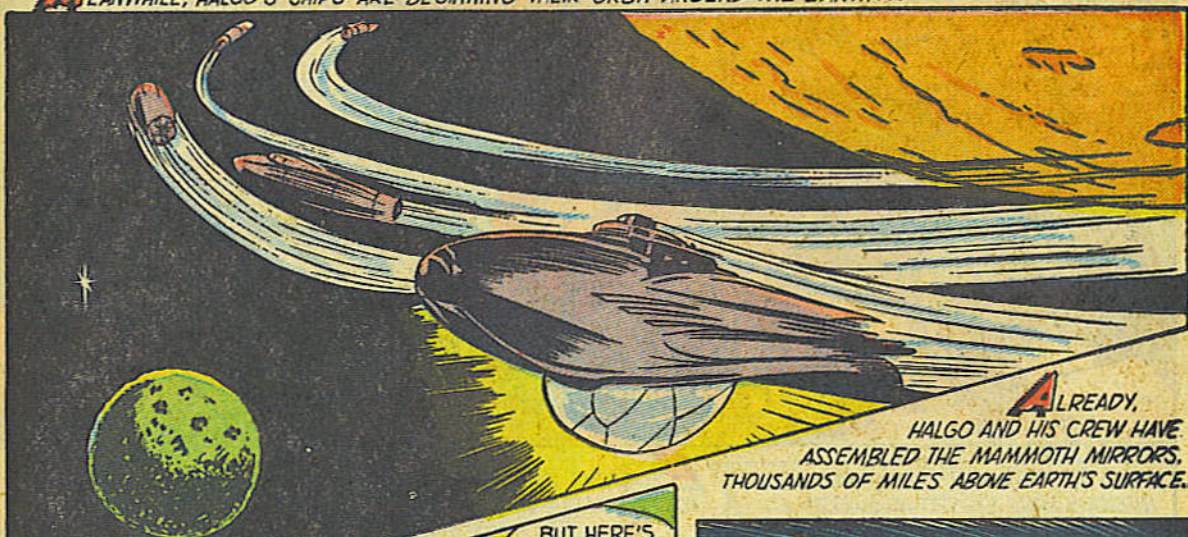
I'LL TAKE A LOOK IN THAT MOONPORT!



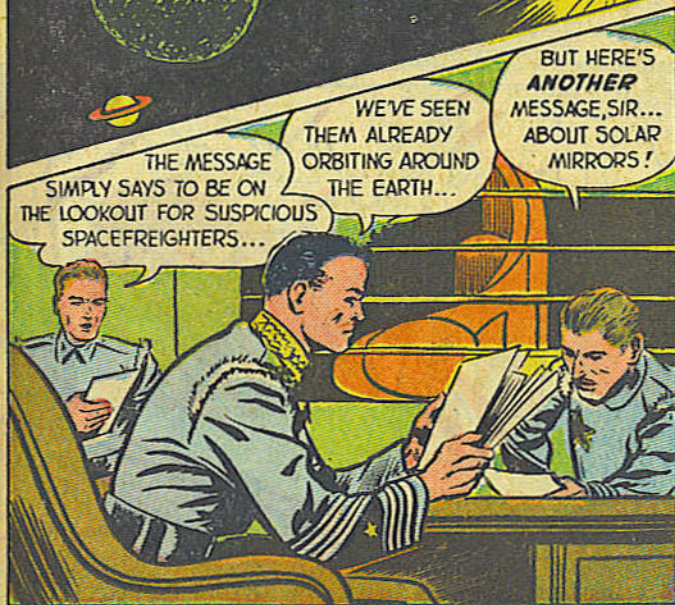
ADJUTANT LANSING! YOU'RE JUST IN TIME TO STOP A CRACKPOT NAMED HALGO FROM BURNING UP THE WORLD!

WHAT'S THAT? LET'S HAVE THE DETAILS!

MEANWHILE, HALGO'S SHIPS ARE BEGINNING THEIR ORBIT AROUND THE EARTH...



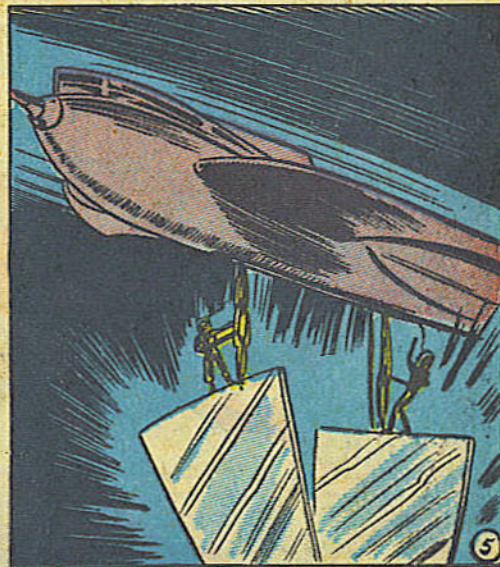
ALREADY, HALGO AND HIS CREW HAVE ASSEMBLED THE MAMMOTH MIRRORS, THOUSANDS OF MILES ABOVE EARTH'S SURFACE...



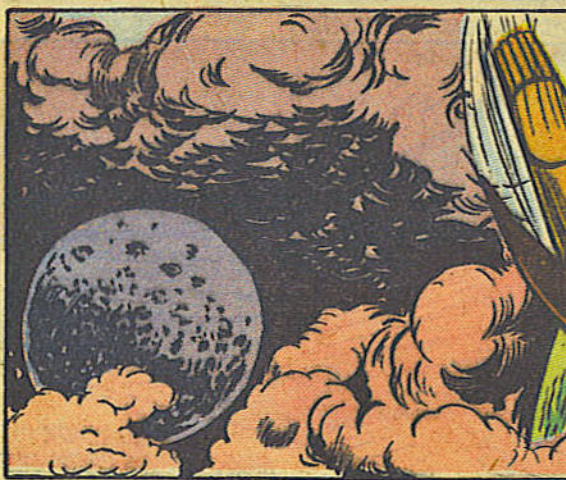
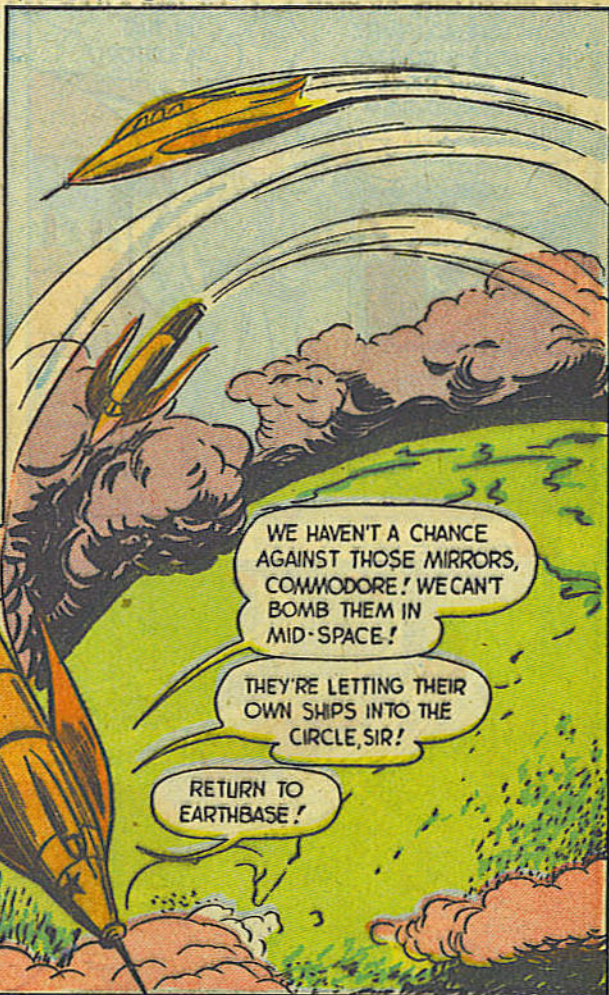
THE MESSAGE SIMPLY SAYS TO BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR SUSPICIOUS SPACEFREIGHTERS...

WE'VE SEEN THEM ALREADY ORBITING AROUND THE EARTH...

BUT HERE'S **ANOTHER** MESSAGE, SIR... ABOUT SOLAR MIRRORS!



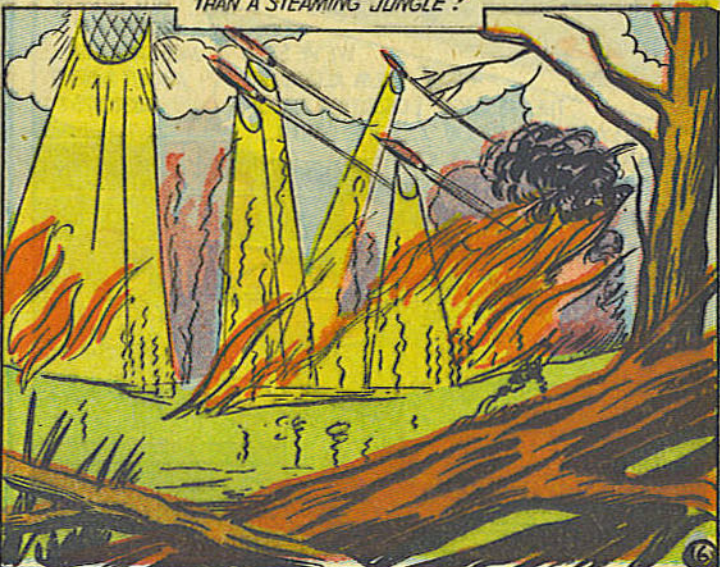
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IT HAS WORKED AS I SAID! THESE SOLAR MIRRORS HAVE SERVED AS SHIELDS AS WELL AS SWORDS! NOW WE SHALL CIRCLE THE EARTH AT THE SUN'S OWN SPEED AND CUT A SWATH OF DESTRUCTION!



BEGINNING THEIR CIRCUIT OF THE EARTH, THE SOLAR MIRRORS TURN FORESTS OF THE FROZEN NORTH INTO A FLAMING BELT MORE TORRID THAN A STEAMING JUNGLE!

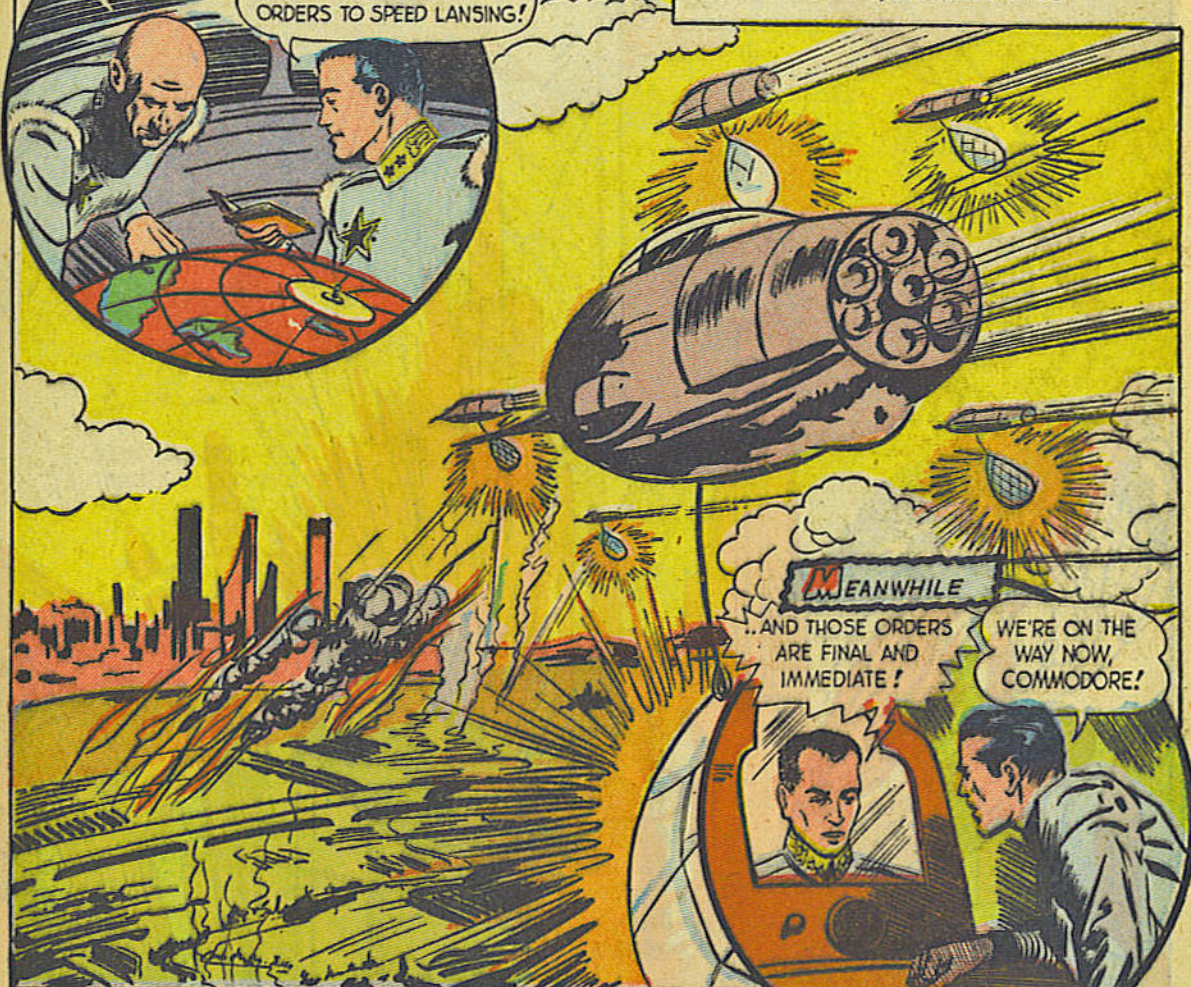


SPACE ADVENTURES

WHEN THEY REACH
NEW MINERVA, WE'LL
GO UP IN SMOKE!

MAYBE NOT! I'VE BEEN
CHECKING THE MOON'S
POSITION AND I'M
SENDING EMERGENCY
ORDERS TO SPEED LANSING!

ONLY HOURS AWAY, THE MIGHTY MENACE,
TRAVELING WITH THE SPEED OF THE SUN,
THREATENS DOOM TO EARTH'S GREAT
CAPITOL, NEW MINERVA...



MEANWHILE

...AND THOSE ORDERS
ARE FINAL AND
IMMEDIATE!

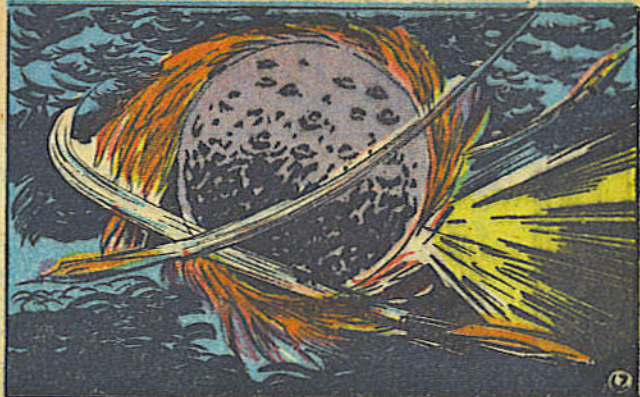
WE'RE ON THE
WAY NOW,
COMMODORE!

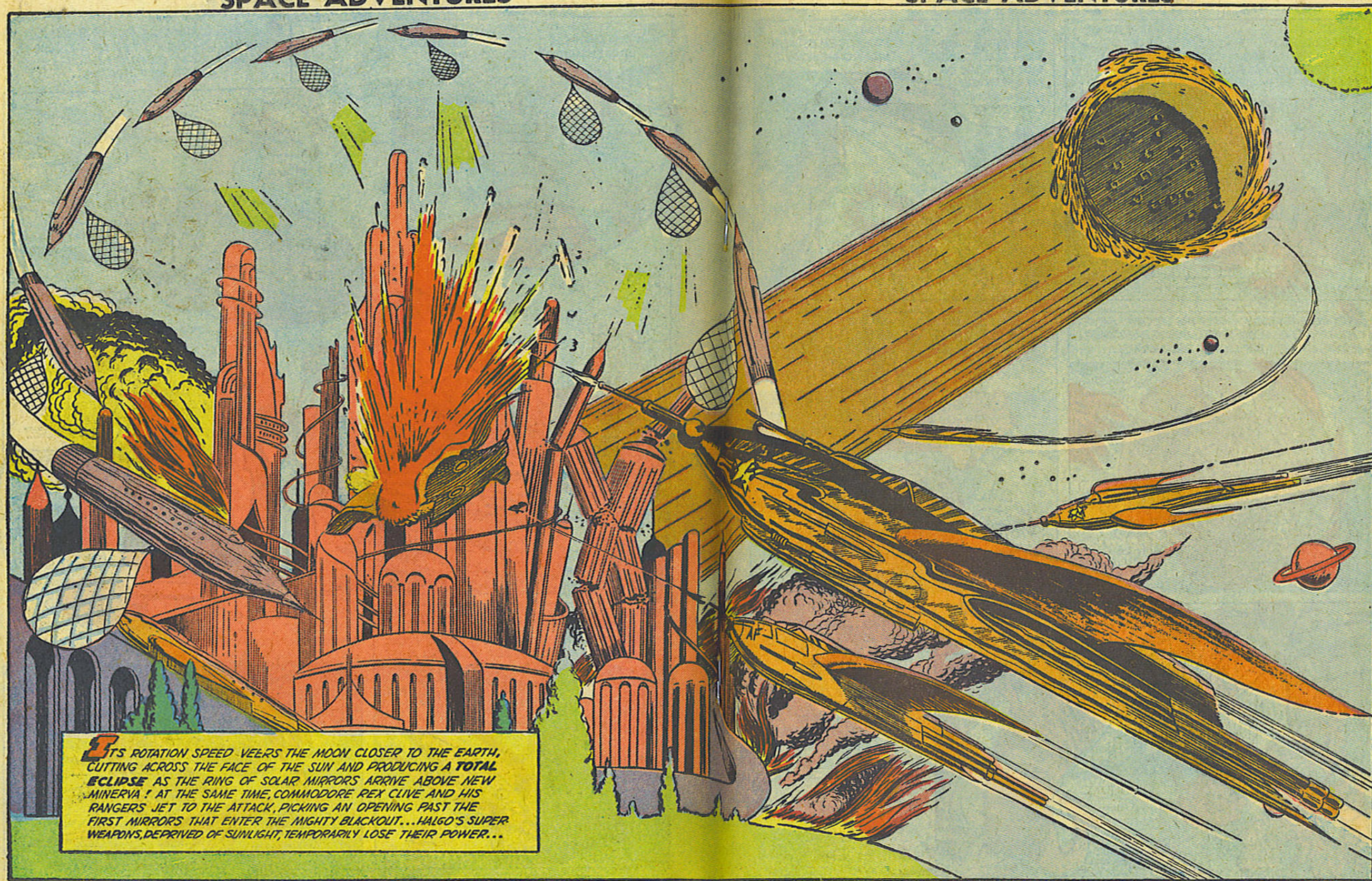
BUT WHAT
WILL THOSE
BOMBS DO,
ADJUTANT?

BY STRIKING KEY
SPOTS, THEY WILL
IGNITE THE ATOMIC
STOCKPILE BURIED
IN THE MOON.

AT LEAST THAT
WILL KEEP
HALGO FROM
GETTING AT IT!

BUT THE PURPOSE OF
REX'S ORDER IS MUCH
GREATER. THE TERRIFIC RELEASE OF ATOMIC ENERGY
JOLTS THE MOON FROM ITS COURSE!

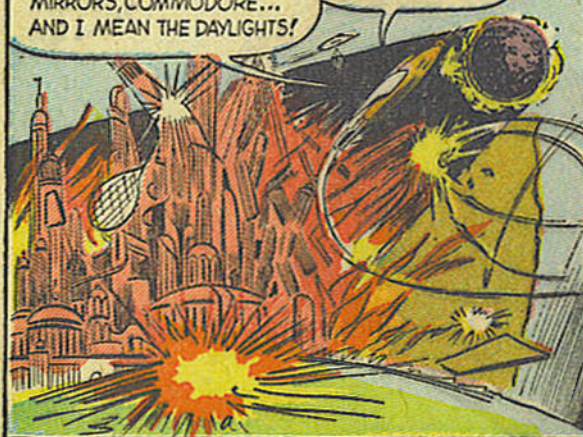




SPACE ADVENTURES

WE SURE KNOCKED THE DAYLIGHTS OUT OF THE FIRST BUNCH OF MIRRORS, COMMODORE... AND I MEAN THE DAYLIGHTS!

NOW WE'VE GOT TO BATTER THE REST, WHILE **THEY'RE DARK!**



THERE GO THE LAST OF THE MIRRORS... AND WE'VE BLASTED HALGO, TOO! BUT SOME OF THE ENEMY ARE GETTING AWAY, COMMODORE.

ADJUTANT LANSING WILL INTERCEPT THEM BETWEEN EARTH AND THE MOON...

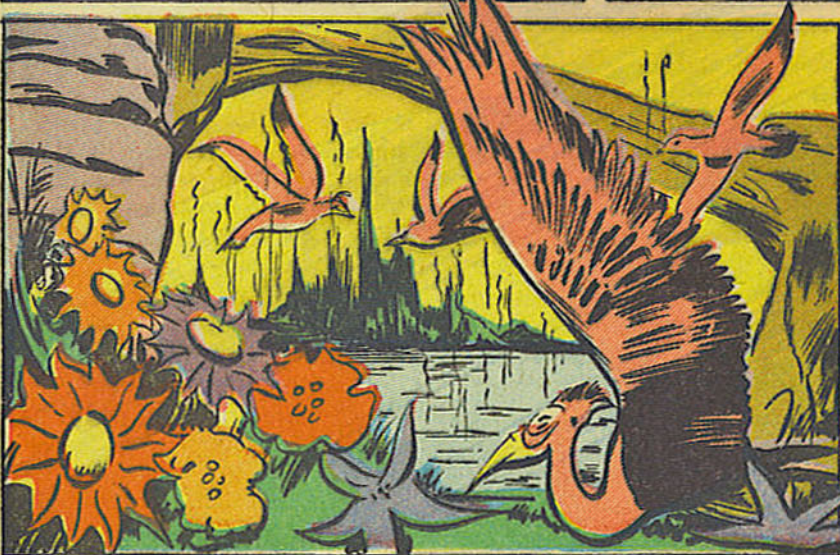


REX CLIVE IS RIGHT! AGAINST THE VOLCANIC BACKGROUND OF THE MOON, SPEED LANSING, EARTHWARD BOUND, DESTROYS THE LAST OF THE RAIDERS...



WHO **SAYS** THE MOON IS A DEAD WORLD, REX? THOSE ATOMIC BLASTS OPENED UP EVERY OLD VOLCANIC CRATER!

AND WHEN THE GASES SUBSIDE, THE MOON WILL BE **HABITABLE**, SPEED, THANKS TO YOU AND THE THREE WHO HELPED YOU.



AND SO... THE END OF HALGO BEGINS A NEW ERA FOR THE MOON... ITS SPED-UP SPIN BRINGS SHORTER DAYS AND NIGHTS, WHILE THE GASES FROM ITS INTERIOR FORM AIR AND WATER TO RESTORE IT AS A LIVING WORLD!



SPACE ADVENTURES

Mummers from **MERCURY**



NOW IT CAN BE TOLD... HOW YOU AND YOU ARE LUCKY ENOUGH STILL TO BE HERE ON EARTH IN 1953!!! IN FACT WE ARE LUCKY TO BE AROUND TO TELL IT!!! IT ALL GOES BACK TO A FAR-HATCHED AND DEEP-FETCHED SCHEME THAT REACHED ITS CLIMAX AT EXACTLY MIDNIGHT, DECEMBER 31, 1962...



WHILE 5' 10" OLD PHILADELPHIA, CITY OF BROTHERLY LOVE, WAS UNBENDING TO TOOT IN THE NEW YEAR, A GREAT BLAST OF FLAME SHOOK THE QUIET AND SERENITY OF THE CITY'S FAMOUS FAIRMOUNT PARK...

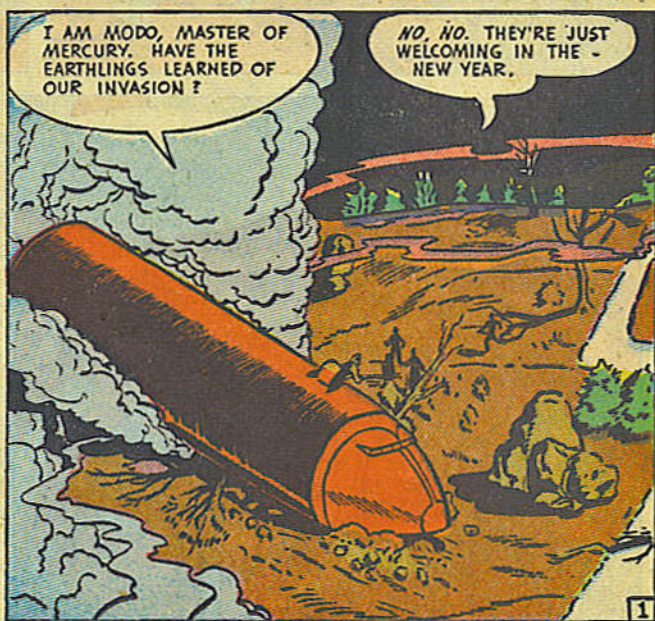
THEY'VE LANDED, BOSS... BUT WHAT A BLAST! THE WHOLE TOWN MUSTA HEARD IT!

NOT WITH EVERYBODY CELEBRATING NEW YEAR, PETE!

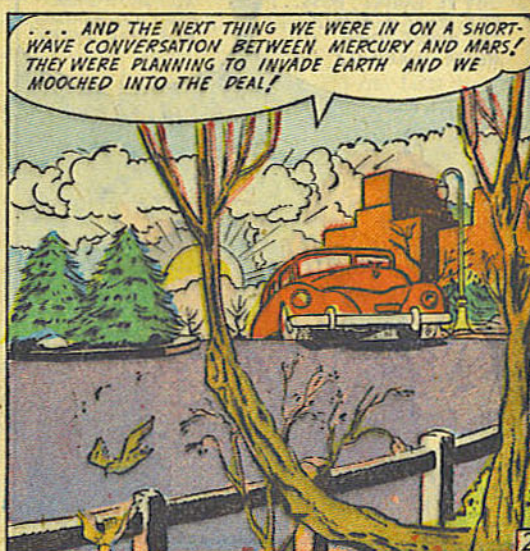
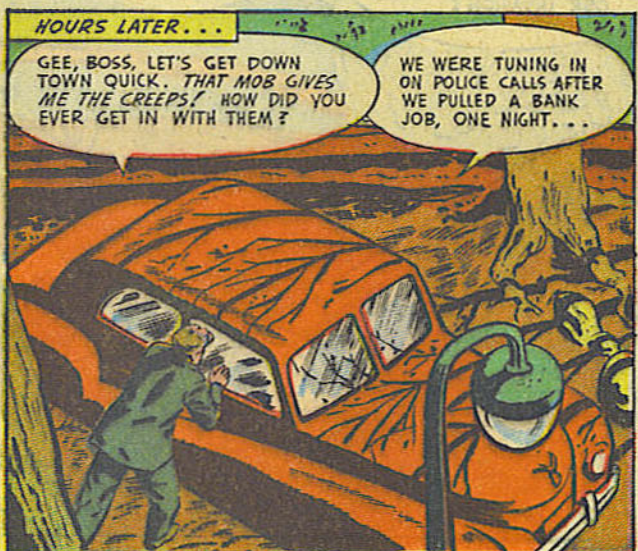
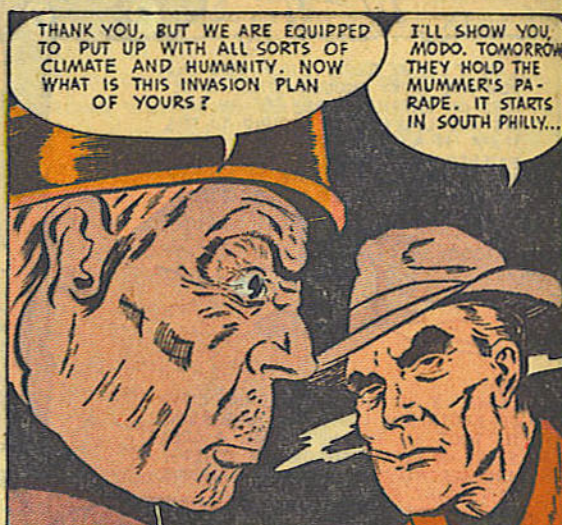


I AM MODO, MASTER OF MERCURY. HAVE THE EARTHLINGS LEARNED OF OUR INVASION?

NO, NO. THEY'RE JUST WELCOMING IN THE NEW YEAR.



SPACE ADVENTURES



SPACE ADVENTURES



FOR YEARS UPON YEARS, THE MUMMERS PARADE HAS BEEN THE GALA EVENT IN PHILADELPHIA ON NEW YEAR'S DAY!!! FANCY CLUBS, COMIC CLUBS, STRING BANDS, ALL ENGAGE IN KEEN CONTEST FOR HUGE CASH PRIZES AS THEY MARCH UP BROAD STREET AND AROUND CITY HALL... SO THIS WAS A BIG DAY FOR THE "SHOOTERS" AS THE MUMMERS CALL THEMSELVES...

MEANWHILE, FROM AN ALLEY OFF BROAD STREET...

HERE'S THE OPENING WE WANT! MOVE IN, FELLOW-PLANETARIANS, BUT KEEP YOUR WEAPONS MUFFLED FOR THE PRESENT.



SHORTLY AFTER, IN AN OFFICE ALONG THE LINE OF MARCH...

HEY, BOSS, TAKE A LOOK! HERE THEY COME... AND WHAT A CREW!



I'LL BET THEY COULD CARRY AN ELECTION IN THE 22ND WARD!

SHUT UP, PETE! I'M GOING TO TALK TO THEM BY SHORT WAVE!

THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO BE MARTIANS OR SOMETHING!

WHAT COSTUMES! THEY LOOK LIKE A PIPE DREAM!

NO CREATURES COULD BE THAT FANTASTIC!



KEEP YOUR ANTENNAE BRISTLED FOR A MESSAGE, THARK!

ONE'S COMING THROUGH NOW, MODO!



SPACE ADVENTURES

THE MESSAGE TO MODO WAS INTERCEPTED BUT PROMPTLY IGNORED...

THIS IS BOSS KIPLEY SPEAKING, TO MODO, MASTER OF THE PLANET MERCURY...

HEY, SARGE! THIS MUST BE A GAG. BOSS KIPLEY IS THE HEAD OF THE BANK MOB!

CUT IT OFF!

WHILE THE MARCHERS FROM SPACE WON CHEERS AS THEY PASSED THE JUDGES' STAND...

AND KIPLEY SAYS TO KEEP MARCHING STRAIGHT TO THE ARMORY AFTER THE PARADE TURNS OFF!

GOOD. THAT WILL CLINCH OUR CONQUEST.

THE ARMORY IS WHERE THEY KEEP THEIR TANKS AND OTHER STUPID EQUIPMENT. ADD THOSE TO OUR SUPER-WEAPONS AND WE'LL BE INVINCIBLE!

COME ON, YOU LUGS... YOU'VE SEEN ENOUGH OF THE PARADE. WHEN MODO AND HIS MOB START TAKING OVER THE WORLD, WE BEGIN TAKING OVER THE BANKS!

I KNOW THEY GOT GENUINE RAY-GUNS, BOSS, BUT ARE THEY GOOD ENOUGH TO TAKE OVER THE **WORLD**?

GOOD ENOUGH! IF ANYTHING THEY'RE TOO GOOD!

FOR ONCE... WITHOUT REALIZING IT... BOSS KIPLEY HAD TOLD THE TRUTH. MODO'S INVADERS WERE TOO GOOD... AS THE PARADE JUDGES WERE JUST FINDING OUT!

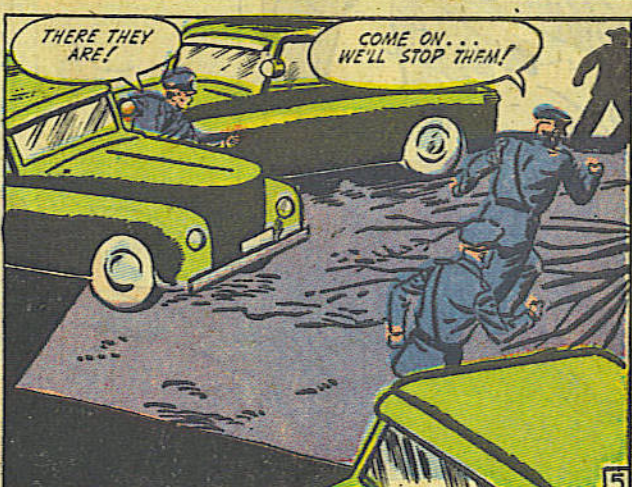
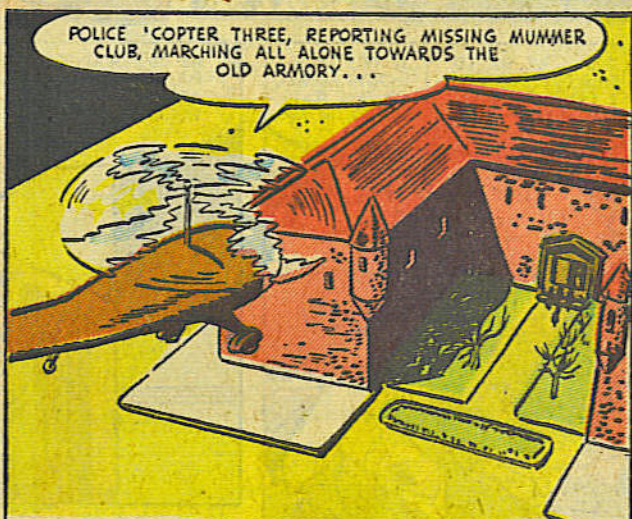
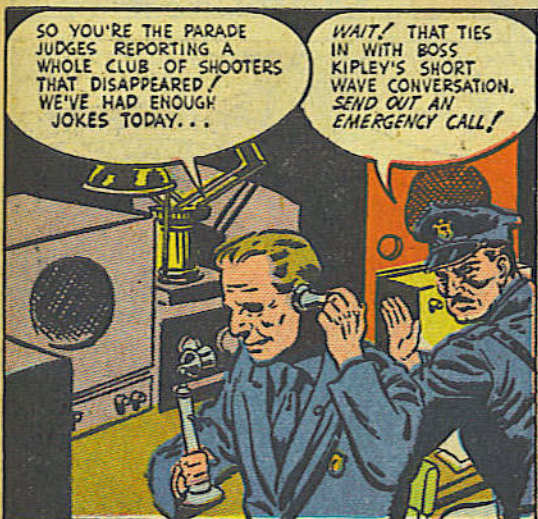
WHY NOT ANNOUNCE THE FIRST PRIZE RIGHT NOW? WE'VE ALL AGREED THAT THOSE SPACE MEN TOPPED THE PARADE!

YES, BUT THEY AREN'T EVEN LISTED ON THE PROGRAM! SEE FOR YOURSELF!

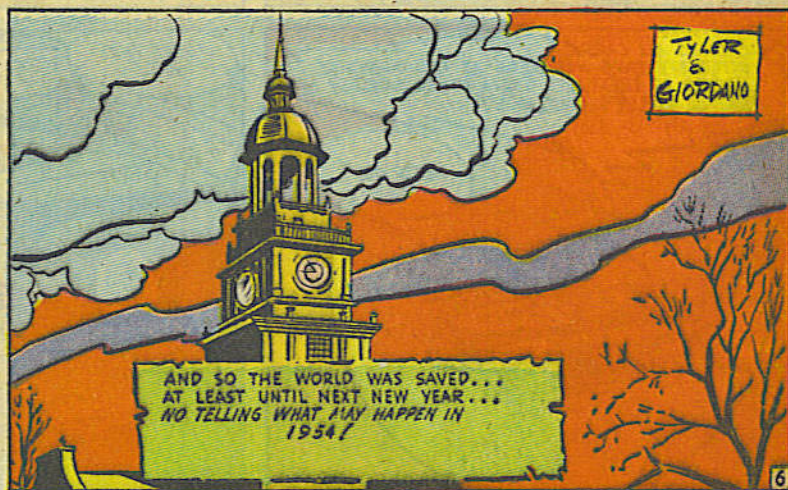
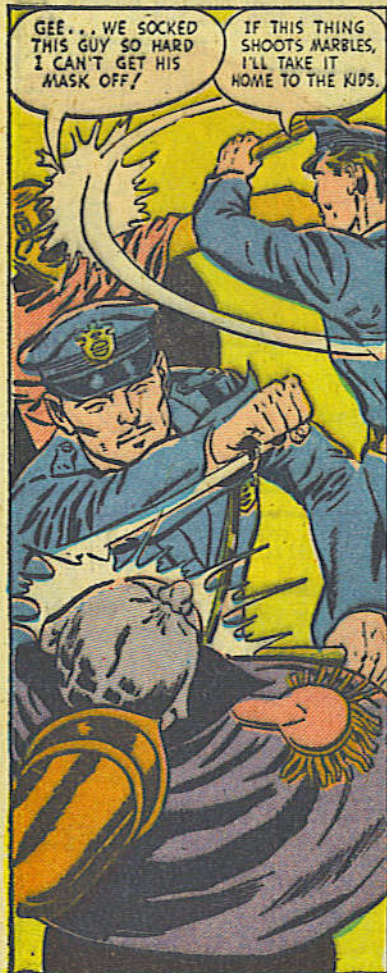
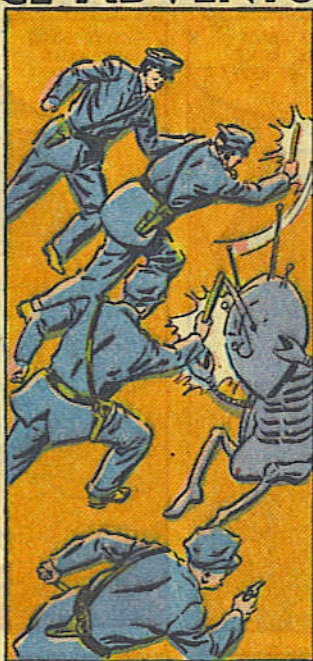
SPACE ADVENTURES



WHAT SPACE MEN? NONE WENT BY HERE!



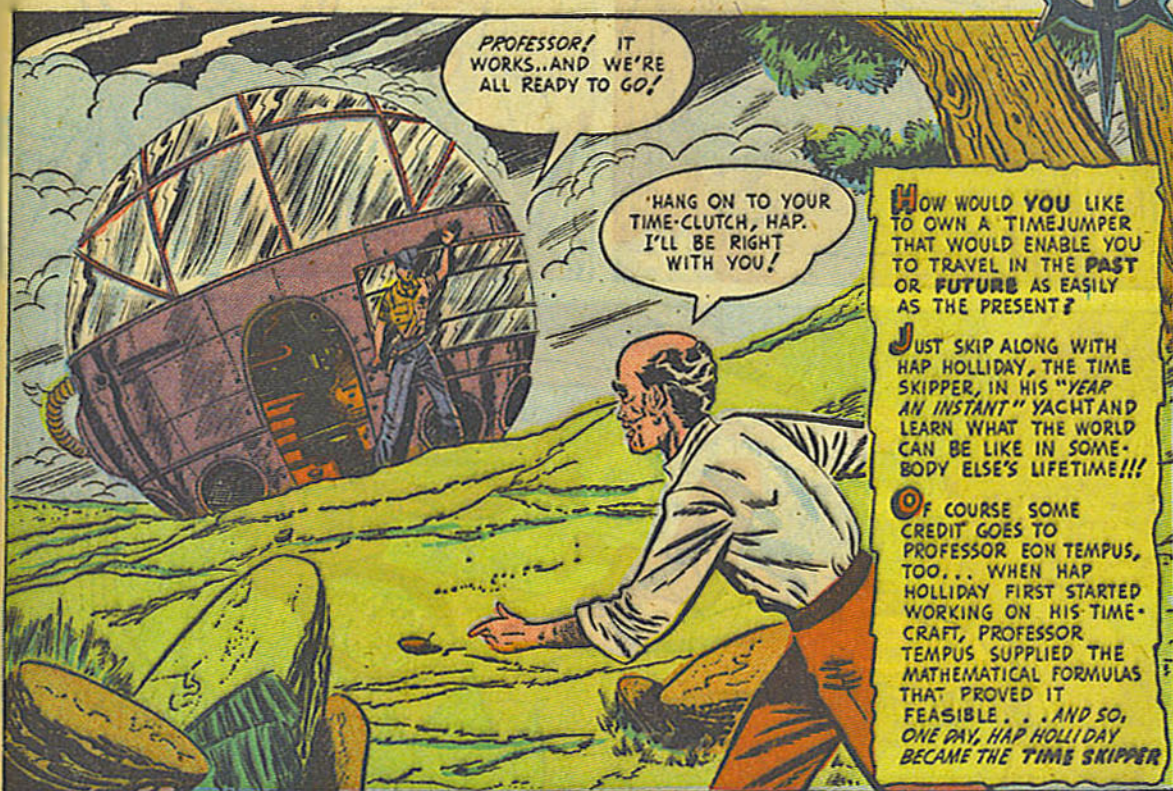
SPACE ADVENTURES



SPACE ADVENTURES

TIME SKIPPER

VISITS THE CITY OF BRASS



HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO OWN A TIMEJUMPER THAT WOULD ENABLE YOU TO TRAVEL IN THE PAST OR FUTURE AS EASILY AS THE PRESENT?

JUST SKIP ALONG WITH HAP HOLLIDAY, THE TIME SKIPPER, IN HIS "YEAR AN INSTANT" YACHT AND LEARN WHAT THE WORLD CAN BE LIKE IN SOME-BODY ELSE'S LIFETIME!!

OF COURSE SOME CREDIT GOES TO PROFESSOR EON TEMPUS, TOO... WHEN HAP HOLLIDAY FIRST STARTED WORKING ON HIS TIME-CRAFT, PROFESSOR TEMPUS SUPPLIED THE MATHEMATICAL FORMULAS THAT PROVED IT FEASIBLE... AND SO, ONE DAY, HAP HOLLIDAY BECAME THE TIME SKIPPER



SPACE ADVENTURES

OUT OF A CLOUD OF COLD GREEN VAPOR PRODUCED BY TIME-FRICTION, THE YACHT COMES TO A PRECARIOUS LANDING...

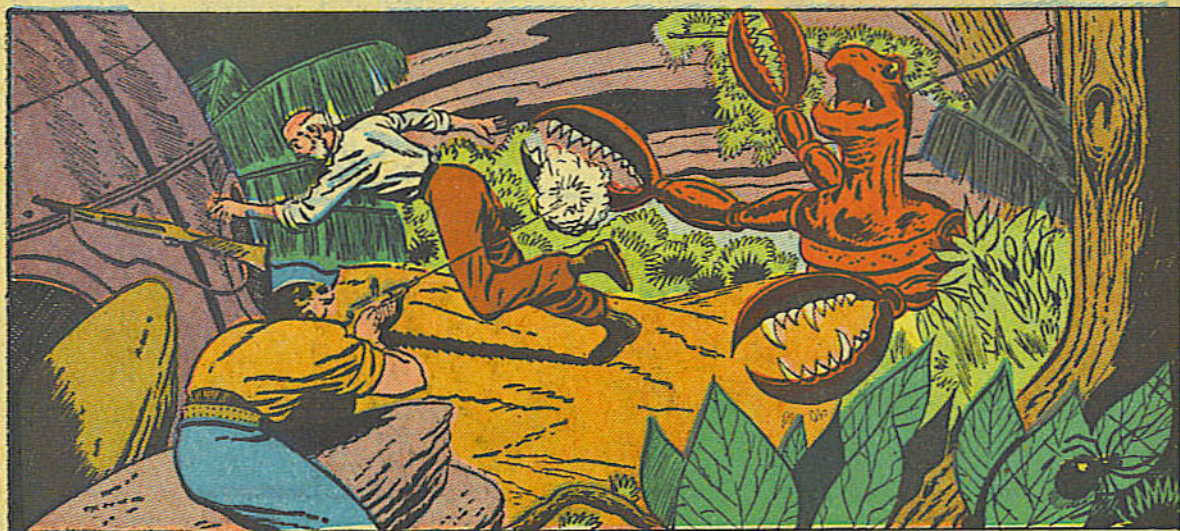
WE'D BETTER CLIMB OUT FAST, PROFESSOR, BEFORE WE TURN OVER!

DON'T FORGET THE RIFLES, SKIPPER...



BECAUSE YOU NEVER CAN TELL WHAT THE FUTURE MAY HOLD!

I'LL SAY! CLIMB BACK IN THE TIME-YACHT, QUICK!



I SHOULD HAVE REALIZED THAT IN 100,000,001 THE SEAS WOULD BE SO DRIED UP THAT THEIR CREATURES WOULD TAKE TO LAND!

LUCKY THESE RIFLES HAVE EXPLODING BULLETS!



A LAND OCTOPUS... OR TO BE CORRECT, AN OCTOPOD OF GIGANTIC PROPORTIONS!

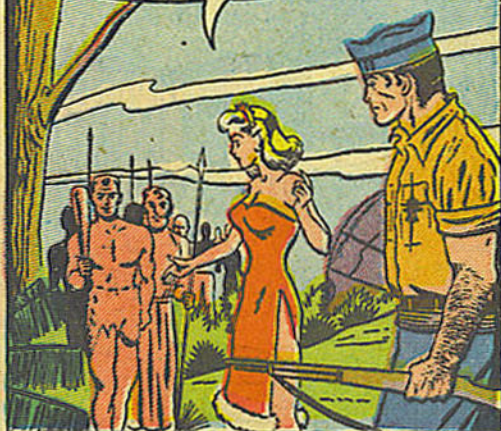
STOP ADMIRING IT AND START SHOOTING. BUT BE CAREFUL WHERE YOU AIM...IT'S GRIPPING A VICTIM IN ONE COIL!



SPACE ADVENTURES

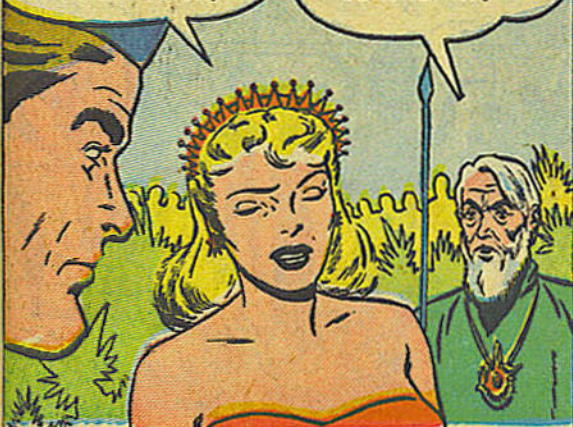


YOU HAVE SAVED MY LIFE! I AM ULA, QUEEN OF FUTUROPOLIS. HERE COME MY PEOPLE TO THANK YOU!



WE WERE DRIVEN FROM OUR CITY BY THE REPTILE-PEOPLE, CREATURES IN HUMAN FORM!

WE WELCOMED THEM AND WHEN THEY OUTNUMBERED US, THEY BETRAYED US!



NOW WE HAVE NO WEAPONS, WHILE THEY ARE SECURE WITHIN THE BRASS-WALLED CITY. IF YOU COULD ONLY GET IN THERE AND OPEN THE WAY FOR US!

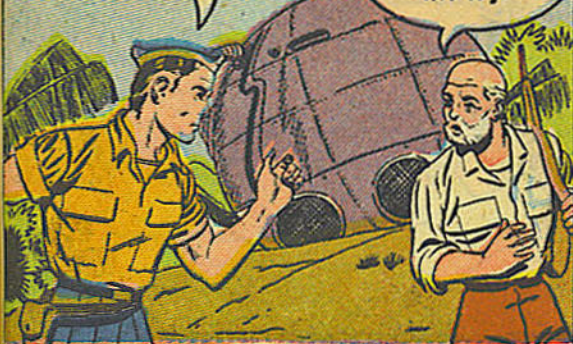
UNFORTUNATELY, WE BROUGHT ONLY A FEW RIFLES...

WAIT, PROFESSOR!



WE HAVE OUR TIME YACHT! WE'LL SET THE DIAL BACK TO THE DAY THAT ULA WAS BANISHED. WE'LL TAKE ULA WITH US AND WHEN WE STOP, WE WILL BE INSIDE THE CITY...

BECAUSE ULA WAS THERE AT THAT TIME! SKIPPER, YOU'VE HIT IT!

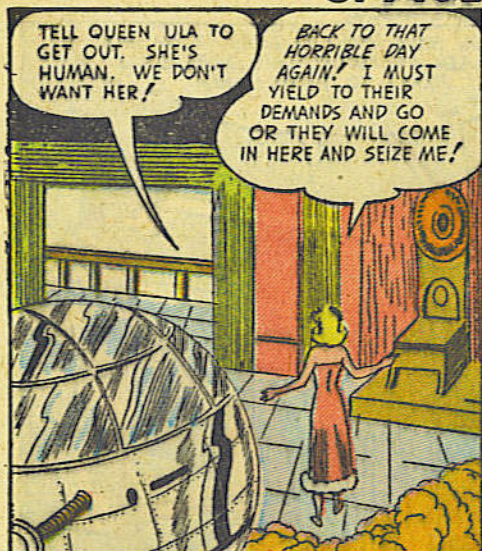


I SET THE DIAL TO SIX MONTHS AND ELEVEN DAYS AGO. THAT'S THE DATE ULA GAVE ME!

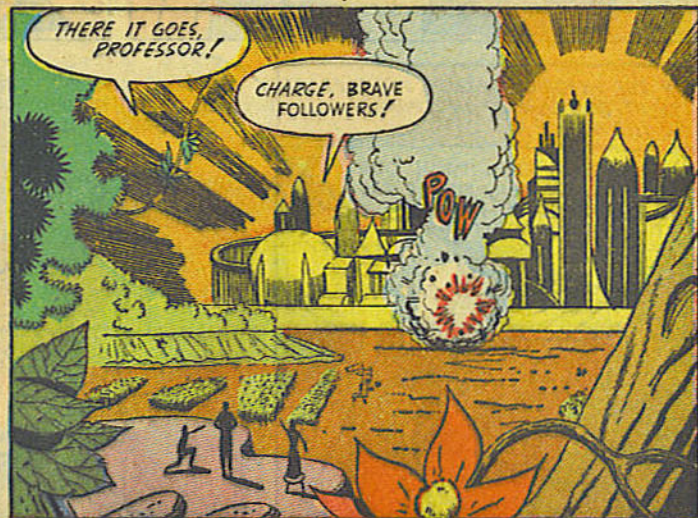
I WILL DO ANYTHING TO SAVE MY POOR PEOPLE!



SPACE ADVENTURES

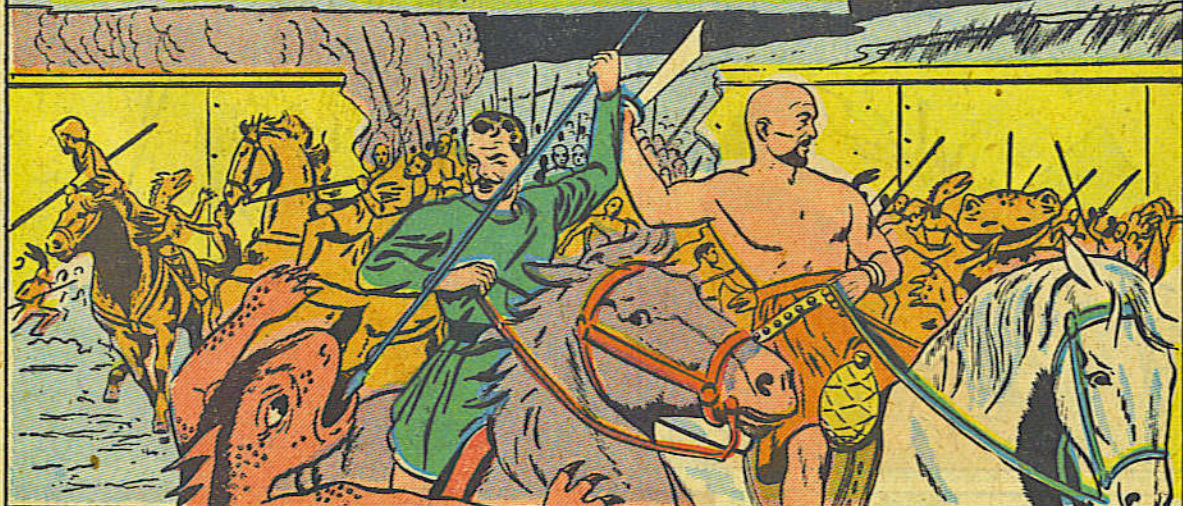


SPACE ADVENTURES



SPACE ADVENTURES

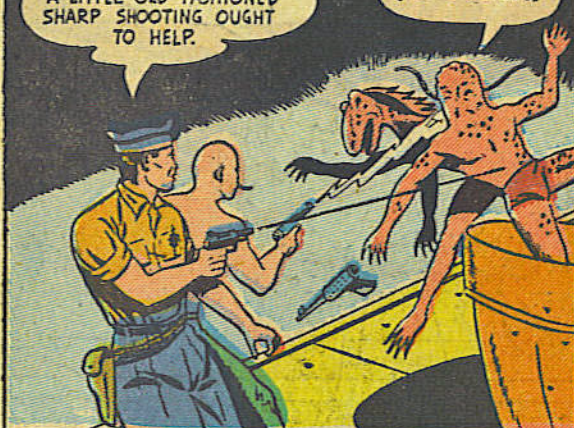
ULA'S FOLLOWERS SURGED THROUGH THE GAP, OVERWHELMING ALL OPPOSITION...



REPTILIAN GUARDS WERE RAYED DOWN FROM THE BATTLEMENTS OF THE PALACE.

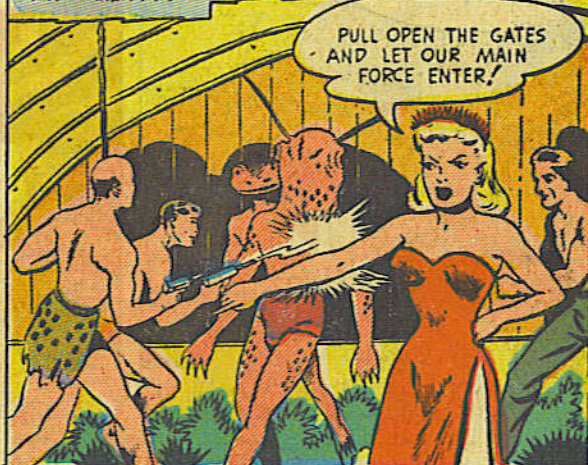
A LITTLE OLD FASHIONED SHARP SHOOTING OUGHT TO HELP.

YE0000000



THE BRASS GATES WERE STORMED FROM INSIDE AND TAKEN...

PULL OPEN THE GATES AND LET OUR MAIN FORCE ENTER!



IN THE VICTORIOUS PARADE, THE TIME YACHT WAS CARRIED IN TRIUMPH TO THE PALACE!!!

WE CAN SKIM ETERNITY IN OUR MACHINE, SKIPPER, BUT IT HAS TO BE CARRIED TO FIX IT AT A CERTAIN POINT IN TIME!

I'LL FIGURE OUT SOME IMPROVEMENT.



AND NOW, SKIPPER, BACK TO THE 20TH CENTURY A.D.

WAIT! I THINK WE SHOULD STAY A WHILE AND MAKE SURE QUEEN ULA HAS REGAINED HER THRONE.

AN EXCELLENT IDEA!



IF WE WAIT I MAY COAX ULA INTO GOING BACK THERE WITH US!

WE CAN LEARN WHAT A GIRL FROM 100,000! THINKS OF OUR TIMES. WONDERFUL!

WILL ULA ACCEPT THE TIME SKIPPER'S INVITE? OUR GUESS IS YES. BUT OUR NEXT ISSUE WILL TELL!!!

